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MR. GLADSTONE AT BIRMINGHAM.

MR. JOHN MORLEY, who with Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT has been playing at Birmingham the part of supporter (in the heraldic as well as the ordinary sense) to Mr. GLADSTONE, is reported to have made at the close of the Bingley Hall meeting two remarkable statements. One was that "he always felt that we should have in England, when the time came, a democracy which would hold its own with the democracy of America and the democracy of France." This statement requires not so much comment as simple registration. There is, it appears, one man of considerable ability, of wide information, and not subject to any prejudices arising from imperfect education or social injustice, who really thinks that the people of England were, even if they now are not, inferior in some mysterious way to the people of France and the people of the United States. We note this and pass on, for comment would be useless. But the other is more fruitful. Mr. MORLEY was sure that his opponents "would try, and try in vain, to lessen the value of that extraordinary and unparalleled demonstration," and that "the voice of the meeting does fully declare the resolution of the majority of the voters in England and Wales." Mr. MORLEY must pardon us if we follow the fashion which his great leader has recently set, and remind him of a popular saying on which he seems to have set a new and remarkable reading. "It is all over but shouting" expresses, no doubt, a comfortable state of things. But Mr. MORLEY seems to say, "There is shouting, and therefore it is all over." Yet he had before him, and can scarcely have forgotten, a fresh and unmistakable symptom of the far from necessary connexion between shouting and votes. The Gladstonians of Bingley Hall had been cheering Mr. GLADSTONE for nine minutes by Birmingham clock; they had roared in the congregation and set up their banners for tokens; they had presented selections of hard goods and soft goods enough to set up a bazaar; they had held men's meetings and women's meetings; they had applauded Sir GEORGE TREVELYAN's consistency and Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT's blushing devotion to Mr. GLADSTONE (the reporters say that Sir WILLIAM HARCOURT blushed), and Mr. GLADSTONE's jokes, and Mr. MUNDELLA's logic. It was certainly impossible to underrate this enthusiasm, and we can assure Mr. MORLEY that Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents, being (in rather unusual proportion for a mixed multitude) in the main sensible men, are not likely to try to underrate it. But what was this enthusiasm worth? The figures in the Birmingham municipal elections were hardly dry from the pen when Mr. MORLEY spoke, and he might have seen them on the walls of Bingley Hall spelling "Mene Tekel" in the midst of all the revelry. In this town of shouters and stampers for Mr. GLADSTONE, Mr. GLADSTONE's adherents had last week to fight for their lives, won not a single seat from their opponents, and lost two to those opponents. We can only assure Mr. MORLEY that we are quite ready to give him Birmingham on Wednesday, if he will give us Birmingham on Thursday week.

But this mistake of his is essentially a Gladstonian mistake. No one, we suppose, doubted for one single moment that Mr. GLADSTONE would have a great demonstration in Birmingham. The place had been packed for the purpose with delegates out of every town, from Berwick to Penzance; and, even if it had not, the reception would probably have been tumultuous enough. Mr. GLADSTONE's opponents, we can again assure Mr. MORLEY, do not in the slightest degree overlook Mr. GLADSTONE's power with a popular audience. It is a power which, though rarely possessed in quite the same measure, has never in history failed those who, having been gifted by nature with certain physical abilities, have not scrupled to

use those abilities for the neglect of truth, the flattery of the multitude, the promise of vague and vast benefits, the attack of existing privilege and property. But, though Mr. GLADSTONE's secret of power is very simple and common, no one that we know has ever denied the extraordinary degree in which he possesses it, and no one is likely to be surprised at fresh instances of its exercise. It is, indeed, by no means certain that its display has had so much to do with his political triumphs as is commonly thought by his friends. For some years Mr. GLADSTONE used it as supplementary merely to the pursuance of the principles of a great political party, and it undoubtedly helped to give that party victory. But he has more recently tried it by itself, and, as we are not, like Mr. MORLEY, given to using magnificent language about things, we shall briefly say that the trial was not exactly successful. It is barely possible that, if a general election were impending, the administration of Mr. GLADSTONE's patent intoxicant would do what simpler agents of the same kind did in old days, and enable his agents to carry voters drugged to the poll. But, as far as is known, there is no more chance of a general election now than there has been at any time for the last two years, and the debauch is more likely to end in a headache than in a rush to vote. If Mr. GLADSTONE can do anything by his progress and his demonstrations, it must be by showing the electors of England and of Scotland that the result at which they arrived deliberately two years ago was not founded on reason or conducive to advantage.

If any one wishes, without the trouble of wading through columns of verbiage, to know whether he has done this, a tolerably simple means is that of looking at the comments of Mr. GLADSTONE's own admirers. They are not usually niggard of adulation, nor are they now. But even they can hardly say, and in no responsible instance have they said, that the inexhaustible ingenuity with which, and not quite wrongly, they credit their leader has enabled him to add a single argument to his case. Those who have gone through the dreary duty just referred to can hardly be surprised at this. In no other of Mr. GLADSTONE's great "campaigns" that we can remember has there been more fertility in repetition or more sterility of novelty. The hundred times threshed out straw of Mitchelstown and MANDEVILLE was put before Birmingham for grain, and as Birmingham (or that portion of it which was present) only wanted to shout and not to eat, it may have been good enough for the occasion. In the first speech the variety of subjects which Mr. GLADSTONE touched upon is said to have been matter of admiration. The admirers showed something more than usual of the sacred simplicity of the Gladstonian. It is far more easy to touch upon a great number of subjects, hinting that you could, and you would, demolish the enemy on each, than to accomplish the demolition on even a single one. But Mr. GLADSTONE was, no doubt, wise not to attempt such demolition, in the manner in which, for instance, Mr. BALFOUR went to work with the MANDEVILLE myth the other day. It was easy for him, before an audience which knew nothing of and cared nothing for the fact, to represent emergency men as a kind of band of brigands, instead of being, as they are, agents of self-defence against the murderous violence and the larcenous greed of his own friends. It was easy for him to wave photographs of Mitchelstown—they might have been photographs of Woolloomooloo, for aught that the audience cared or aught that it mattered to the argument. It was not difficult to ring the changes on the combination which, in England, simply has the object of getting better wages, and the combination which, in Ireland, means the infliction of bodily harm or the rendering of life intolerable. It was still easier, in the safely-guarded citadel of Bingley Hall, to repeat exploded fallacies about the means by which the Union was carried. But he has done all these

things dozens of times before, and we do not observe that his most enthusiastic supporters claim any addition on his part to the old matter. Now this, it may be said confidently, with all respect to Mr. MORLEY's "in vain," will not do. Truth may perhaps rely on mere repetition; falsehood cannot. You must have new things to deceive the people, or you will rapidly, sooner or later, cease even to deceive them. And when Mr. GLADSTONE perorated about the amiable instincts, the confidence, the affection, and so forth of Irishmen for other Irishmen and for England, some of his hearers must have felt an uneasy reflection. In the very newspapers in which these words appear the reader has but to turn the page to see a history of the confidence, the affection, the love, and the mildness which reign in Ireland now.

THE DEMANDS OF THE BRITISH ADMIRAL.

THE papers contributed by three British Admirals to the current number of the *Fortnightly* may be taken as a proof that the complaints made, here and elsewhere, against the vague and contradictory statements of experts are beginning to bear fruit. The triple contribution is, consciously or unconsciously, an effort to supply a definite demand supported by argument. We are, we hope, properly disposed to listen to the three authorities. It was not necessary that the editor should introduce them with effusion in order to persuade us that Lord ALCESTER is well known; that Sir THOMAS SYMONDS, as an Admiral of the Fleet, is "at the very head of his profession"; and that, whether the naval officers who hold that "our navy has had no admiral superior to Sir G. PHIPPS" or HORNBY since NELSON express "worthful" opinions or not, he is a distinguished officer. When they all three agree in asking for something, it may be taken that there is some ground for their demand. They write on no small matter. All three plead for an immediate increase of the navy, and are of opinion that it is not only unequal to its work, but greatly and dangerously below what ought to be its minimum strength. They speak with no uncertain voice. Sir G. HORNBY asks roundly for 30 more ironclads and 200 more cruisers. Here at least is a definite demand, which includes much more than a vastly increased building programme. If our ironclads are to be more than doubled and our cruisers multiplied by four or five, there must, of course, be an immense proportionate increase in our establishment of officers, men, guns, storehouses, and dockyards. It will rain promotions, and we presume that all the Naval Reserve officers will be transferred at once to the active navigating line. The country must be prepared, as the editor observes in his magnificent way, to spend a matter of seventy or a hundred millions at once.

The three eminent Admirals and their editor must be prepared to find that their demand is received with some hesitation. Before we spend the cost of a great war in a time of peace we must have reason for it, and frankly we do not find that the necessity is fully demonstrated. The reasoning is here and there a little loose. It is a matter of course that the *Alabama* should be commissioned again, and that we should be reminded on the best American authority of the irreparable damage she did to American shipping. Nothing could be more hopeless than to point out in answer that the wooden sailing ships captured by the Confederate cruiser were doomed already by the introduction of the iron steamer, and that if American shipping has greatly diminished, it is because the United States cannot build iron vessels cheaply, and are protected by enlightened voters out of the power of buying them in England or in the Clyde. Neither shall we carp at Sir THOMAS SYMONDS's lists. It is rather violent in him to dismiss thirteen of our vessels as "obsolete in most ways," though among them we find the *Devastation*, the *Thunderer*, and the *Téméraire*, while he includes in the French effective list eight vessels of 1,039 or 1,045 tons, and one gun each, *sans phrase*. All this is common form. The world is sick of these comparative lists, on which no two men can agree. But it is really too strong to be told that a vessel is confessedly obsolete because she is being supplied with new engines and new guns. Even this, however, may pass as characteristic of that respectable and enduring type, the naval grumbler. The weakness which, we think, will cripple the Admirals' case is not their practice of breezily dismissing the Admiralty in heaps. It is this—that they obviously take it for granted that our navy ought to possess in peace, and

while other nations have the leisure, the means, and the will to build ships, the degree of supremacy which it had in 1813—after twenty years of incessant, triumphant war, when France was bled nearly to death by land fighting, and the other navies of Europe had disappeared. Once and for all, this is a dream. It cannot be done, and it never has been done. The date to take for comparison is 1792. At that period the fleets of France and Spain had a force of line-of-battle ships equal to ours in number, and—if tonnage and broadside weight of metal are to be taken as the test—rather superior in strength. If this proved sufficient then, and at the beginning of an infinitely more trying war than is probable to-day, why should it not do now? No doubt our merchant shipping is vastly greater, but so is its power of running away. No doubt a blockaded squadron can escape more easily than in the old sailing days; but when it has got out, it must go no further than its coal will bring it back. And its coal supply must be certain and not dependent on chance capture. Beyond all doubt we should lose much merchant shipping in a great naval war directly by capture, indirectly by transfer to neutral flags. It is not a reason for supposing that we can ever avoid loss by any outlay as long as the capture of private property at sea is allowed—and we see no reason to suppose that it will be given up. We must, will we, nill we, be satisfied with the possible and attainable, and trust to good fighting and the alliances which are always practicable to make a necessarily terrible and costly thing as little ruinous as may be.

GERMANY, ENGLAND, AND AFRICA.

IT is not uninteresting to notice that, even before Lord SALISBURY's explanation in the House of Lords on Tuesday, not a few organs of public opinion made approaches to that view of the East African question which last week the *Saturday Review* was almost, if not quite, alone in holding. But it is not surprising; for, even if further consideration had not been sufficient to produce such a result, the screaming of the led-scribblers of Russia must have disposed most intelligent and wary Englishmen to second thoughts. The PRIME MINISTER's own words have sufficiently explained the kind of co-operation which is all that Prince BISMARCK asks, and which therefore is all that England is called upon to give, in order to secure, not only present, but future and contingent, advantages. It is, on the whole, so moderate that little but misgiving of no very alarming kind can remain in the majority of disinterested critics, even if they still dislike the idea. It is quite intelligible that those who have direct connexion, either commercial or missionary, with the district may dread the idea of operations likely to excite hostility against the English. It would be too much to expect that some of the persons so concerned should relinquish without regret what may seem to them an opportunity of recovering lost ground. A third class of malcontents, those who dread nothing so much as a good understanding between England and Germany for reasons which may be said, geographically speaking, to be connected rather with the neighbourhood of the Vistula than with the neighbourhood of the Congo, must, of course, be displeased. And with a fourth it is possible to condole, though difficult to keep countenance in the process of condoling. An honest belief that slavery is the Devil's work, and an honest belief that Lord SALISBURY is the Devil's agent, find themselves suddenly confronted with the hideous fact that Lord SALISBURY is going to take more effective measures to put down slavery. He must, indeed, be hard-hearted who does not sympathize with the agony manifested on this occasion by those who protest that they would rather die than "show lukewarmness in the sacred duty of stamping out the slave-trade," and yet turn streaming eyes of reproach to Providence for selecting Lord SALISBURY as the instrument of the stamping.

For ourselves, we continue to regard the establishment and maintenance of a good understanding with Germany on this head as a matter of much more importance than anything else likely to be involved in the affair. Whether the effect yet produced, or ever likely to be produced, on the slave-trade is worth the tax in health and life which is yearly levied on the English navy by our efforts to put that trade down, is a problem in political arithmetic which we shall not attempt here to solve. It is certain that

Cardinal LAVIGERIE made out a strong case of its kind, and that that case has since been aptly supported for the general public (though of course the evidence was nothing new to the well-informed) by the disclosures as to the practices of the dealers in white and black ivory which were made in connexion with the lamented deaths of Major BARTELOT and Mr. JAMESON. If it is true that all the Powers concerned, including not only France, which has hitherto been a great obstacle to the efforts of others, but Portugal, can be got to join in prohibiting the importation of firearms, something no doubt would be done, though the prohibition would have to be enforced on the West coast as well as on the East. Direct naval operations against the revolted coasts would no doubt involve some difficulties, but it seems to be forgotten that it would be quite easy, if the separation of "spheres of influence" is kept up as is promised, rather to increase than to diminish the preference now existing among the natives for our own methods. In short, the rationale of the proposed action seems to be this. The co-operation could hardly have been refused without distinctly and almost gratuitously offending Germany, and it can be granted so as to gratify her and to do England little, if any, harm. That seems to be the description of an action which is well worth taking and likely to be profitable.

It was to be expected that the higher German authorities on the spot would indignantly deny the accusation of high-handedness and want of tact against German officials. There appears, however, to be far too much positive evidence on the other side to maintain what is, after all, an antecedently probable charge. Colonization is an exceedingly difficult art, in which even we, after more and more successful practice than any other nation, can hardly be said to be infallibly proficient. Germans are entirely novices in it; and among their various good qualities tact and courtesy to presumed inferiors would hardly be included by their most fervent admirers. No more remarkable illustration of this curious fault in the German character (a fault which is, to be quite candid, only a kind of exaggeration and coarsening of faults charged against Englishmen themselves by foreign nations) can be found than the eccentric postscript appended to his scolding of the Berlin Burgomaster by the Emperor WILLIAM. The original lecture was injudicious enough, in all conscience; but the exegesis of it which has been furnished by authority is still more astonishing. That the Royal family is not to be talked of in the newspapers, and that the municipal authorities are, in some unexplained fashion, to prevent its being talked of, were singular propositions, but that the EMPEROR should by name, and distinctly, specify a particular party as his enemies, and a particular mode of referring to one part of the Royal family only as his ground of objection, is more singular still to Europe at large, and it would appear even to a considerable number of Germans themselves. It is, however, in all probability only part of that general policy of "ordering about" which has so long been characteristic of at least the northern part of the country called Germany. That the same policy should be pursued when the opportunities of enforcing the orders do not exist, and when the recipients of those orders are warlike savages or semi-savages in a vast majority, is not altogether surprising, and that the pursuance should lead to awkward results is not surprising at all.

The French *communiqué* on the subject of East African action confirms in every respect what Lord SALISBURY said, without giving any kind of denial to those who, knowing the facts, doubted whether France would give much material assistance in the suppression of practices always dear to French colonists. France, it seems, has declared that she will acquiesce in Germany searching vessels under the French flag for contraband of war in case of an "effectual and transitory" blockade, but not generally. She has also undertaken, at the instance of England, to detach a special vessel of her own African squadron to watch the Arab dhows which, as is well known, since the somewhat unwise granting by other Powers of French "rights" over Madagascar, have abused those rights so shamefully. These two concessions will mean anything or nothing, accordingly as they are carried out. On the face of it they appear more likely to lead to disagreements of an awkward character between Germany and France than to anything else; but that clearly will do no harm to us. It remains to be seen what will be done with Portugal, which is quite in a position to neutralize all the efforts of the allies north of her dominions in the direction of importation of arms, and most of their efforts in the

direction of interfering with the slave trade, if she chooses. One of the triumphs of Liberal predominance in England for the last sixty years has been the destruction of the influence with Portugal which England once possessed; and, insignificant as the matter may seem, various inconveniences have resulted from this proceeding. Fortunately, however, there is not much danger of any unpleasant consequences to England from the present state of things. No general disturbance in East Africa can take place without giving us, if affairs are well managed, the opportunity of profiting by it. And the state of things which is revealed by the French *communiqué* can hardly end otherwise than by the French having to drop the mask and play the slave-trader pure and simple, or else abandoning the attitude which has been such a plague to us on the coast for not a few years.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF POT-BOILERS.

A "POT-BOILER" is a familiar term in the slang of studios, and means any work in any art which the artist executes but slightly, and from no artistic impulse, but merely for the money it will fetch. The question then rises, Are pot-boilers crimes against the majesty of art? and are they always injurious to the artist? The student of moral philosophy will say "Yes" to both inquiries, and will probably say "Yes" rather loud and with plenty of emphasis. But matters of this delicacy cannot be settled merely by thumping a table. On a moment's consideration it will be plain that many an artist must either produce pot-boilers or, if he be too high a soul, must become a burden to the ratepayers and a nuisance to his friends. The actor, for example, who will play nothing but ROMEOS and SHYLOCKS (for to those only does his fervent nature impel him) will probably never have a chance at all. It may be answered that this kind of actor is an ass, and has not the character to succeed in his profession. But he will reply that he is consumed by the ideal, and that he cannot waste the sacred fire on the rôle of "walking gentleman," or on anything but the supreme characters. It is vain to tell him that, if the author found it worth while to write the minor parts, it should not be too great a concession for him to act them. No; for him to play ROSENCRANTZ or GUILDENSTERN would be degradation, would be pot-boiling, and as a consequence he must either starve or give up his ambition. Even to the moralist it may be manifest that here is a case in which the voluntary taking of a lower place is even morally desirable. Indeed, the haughty actor's course is clear; he has only to play even a butler's part conscientiously, and he ceases to be a living pot-boiler.

The case of the painter is analogous to that of the actor. If HAYDON had illustrated books, or done cabinet pictures, or depicted little girls, or dogs, or babies, or painted portraits, he would have been lowering himself to pot-boilers, in his opinion. Still the pot would have boiled, and he would have been a happier man. He might have done his ungrateful tasks as conscientiously as he could, and English art would have lost little or nothing. For this is the melancholy thing, that very often an artist is intended by nature just to do the very humble things which he resents as a wasting of his precious genius. He has a conscience, an æsthetic conscience, out of sorts with the constitution of himself and of the public and of his art. He despises the wretched public which buys the work that he thinks beneath him, and leaves his heroic canvases to moulder in his studio. Yet perhaps the heroic canvases deserve no better fate; and Mr. GANDISH's study of a cat may be respectable, while his "Boadicea" is a total failure. At the very least the pot-boilers enable a man to live; while he may starve on works which nobody applauds but himself. He cannot be the best judge in his own case, where he has to deal with the bias of conceit. Yet nothing is more common than to hear comfortable people deploring that JONES paints pictures of *genre*, instead of massive and concrete masterpieces; that SMITH writes articles instead of big books, which it is certain that nobody will buy; that BROWN composes rondels instead of epics. It may be that these three gentlemen know the limits of their own talent better than their advisers; it may also be that they have to earn their daily bread and that of their families. The number of persons who reach a level of art at once lofty and popular is extremely small. Genius, in short, is the rarest thing in the world. Yet moralists will often cry to the most modest and contented talent, "Do

"throw down your pot-boilers, do attempt something large." Probably the most modest talent has its little ambition, and endeavours after something great (and conspicuously unremunerative) in holidays and stray half-hours. Nothing of importance can be executed in this way; but the holidays and half-hours thus occupied are happy, because the artist is at peace with his dreams, with his ideal, with what he would be if he could. Too much pity is wasted on his failure; in the attempt, in the hope and expectation, is his delight. Refreshed by the hope and the congenial endeavour, he returns a new man to the pot-boilers, which, perhaps, he can really do, and can really live by.

That genius will find its way even by the path of pot-boilers is almost certain. If ever there was a pot-boiler, it was *Rasselas*, and perhaps JOHNSON'S *Vanity of Human Wishes* was not much better, while his *Lives of the Poets* were the sublime of hack-work. In his later years he wrote many things, dedications and the like, that would have been pot-boilers if he had sold them, but he gave them away. LAMB'S *Adventures of Ulysses* and the little tales in verse which he did for GODWIN were pot-boilers in inception though not in execution. The irreverent might even say that several of SHAKESPEARE'S plays, when he worked over old theatrical canvases, were pot-boilers. Probably DORÉ looked on his illustrations to the *Contes Drolatiques* as pot-boilers, and on his huge sacred pictures as revelations of genius, yet the sketches were the work he was born to do. Almost all depends on the manner of the doing.

There is one sort of pot-boiler which seems really immoral—namely, the pot-boiler of the man who has no need to pot-boil. He who has a market for the work which he himself considers the highest and best, and who, none the less, deliberately puts out hasty work of a lower kind, may be said to be the immoral boiler. He damages his art and his reputation. It is as if Lord TENNYSON were to write verses "up to" illustrations; or as if Mr. ALMA TADEMA were to design Christmas cards. This is so true that a successful artist can hardly afford even to have his fling, as it were, and to divert himself by putting forth mere sketches and plays of fancy. The most dreadful thunders of the *Times*, as we all know, rolled over the head of Mr. THACKERAY when he published *The Kickleburys on the Rhine*. As the author explained, he wanted some money, and he saw no harm in amusing himself and perhaps the public. But the successful artist in any art will find that the morality of reviewers cannot endure such levity. The poor little forlorn pot-boiler will be treated as if it had the same pretensions as the most serious and sustained work, and the author will either be scolded all round for trifling, or will be informed that he is "played out," "written out," exhausted, dead, and done for. Thus common prudence bids a man who has had any success husband himself and his prestige. Sir WALTER SCOTT laughs at this wisdom, in the introduction to *The Fortunes of Nigel*. He bids an author strike while the iron is hot, be no niggard of himself and of his name, pour forth new work if the latest prove a failure—in short,

If it be na weel bobbit,
We'll bob it again.

His own astonishing fertility and energy enabled him to act on his own opinions with success, and yet it may be said that there is a great deal of pot-boiling in the long series of the *Waverleys*. His manner has been censured as that of "an idle child"; but he remarks that he has tried at another manner—at the elaborate and the concise—and found it uncongenial and impossible.

On the whole, it seems that contented pot-boiling is, in the majority of mankind, rather a humble sort of virtue than otherwise; that it is only culpable in happy people who have a public for the best that they think they know and can do; that even in pot-boilers conscientious work is possible; and that, even when condemned to pot-boilers, genius can occasionally produce masterpieces. For, so indolent and dreamy is genius in some men, that, if the pot did not need to be kept boiling, they would not light the sacred fire at all.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

THERE is one reasonably satisfactory lesson to be learnt from the result of the American Presidential election—by us at least. It is that ostentatious rudeness to England does not necessarily do an American politician any good—at any rate, does not do him good enough. Mr.

CLEVELAND'S eminently smart policy of retaliation, and his bouncing energy in the SACKVILLE affair, have not saved him from defeat. Whether he would have been even more badly beaten without them we do not care to speculate. It is notoriously impossible to find proof in a case of that sort. However that may be, the fact remains that he is defeated, and may now ask himself whether he and his party have gained anything by dishing the Republicans with such very obvious ingenuity. If Mr. CLEVELAND had abstained from twisting the lion's tail, and suchlike childish swagger, he could not be more completely unhorsed than he is, and he would be able to reflect that he had conducted his administration to the end with some measure of consistency and dignity. As it is, he has fallen into tergiversation and ignoble compliances, all for nothing. The publication of the correspondence over Lord SACKVILLE'S recall has, by a curious coincidence, taken place on the very day on which it was shown that Mr. CLEVELAND and his Secretary had been unmannerly in vain. From this brief series of documents it is very clear that the American Government has itself committed a breach of international courtesy much more discreditable than Lord SACKVILLE'S injudicious letter. It first instructs its Minister in London to ask for the recall of the English Minister on certain grounds. When the SECRETARY of STATE asks for the evidence of the offence, the American Government sends the English envoy his passports, with a statement that it does so for reasons made known to the Marquess of SALISBURY. But these "reasons," such as they were, did not amount to more than the information that Mr. BAYARD put such and such an interpretation on certain expressions of Lord SACKVILLE'S. Whether he was right or wrong, it was utterly against the universal international code of manners to take the more violent course after applying to Lord SALISBURY and without waiting for his decision. But, indeed, it is needless to prove the self-evident. There is no difference of opinion in the civilized world as to the nature of Mr. CLEVELAND'S action, or as to his motive either. Even the natural delight of our European neighbours when anything discreditable or disastrous happens to England cannot blind them to the fact that the United States Government has, for the sake of catching a few votes, behaved in a manner which would, if generally imitated, make all courtesy impossible in international relations.

If it were not that the Americans have compelled us to take an exceptional interest in their little quarrel by talking as offensively as they could about pulling our nose, the result of the American Presidential Election would be profoundly indifferent to this country. As it is, we have been compelled to take part in a three-cornered duel more ludicrous than Mr. Midshipman EASY'S. On that occasion all three were armed, and the shooting went round. On this two of them fight one another by blazing at a third, who keeps his pistol in his pocket. To be sure, the cartridge is blank, but the gestures are offensive. However, that silly business is done, and we may now reflect that either of these pugnacious gentlemen would be as ready as the other to fire with bullet if anything seemed likely to be gained by doing so. A year ago we might have felt that there was some reason for believing that the Democratic party had become persuaded that the interest and honour of the United States could be served by friendly relations with England. Now it is perfectly clear that Democrat and Republican are equally ready to court the most sweet Irish voices by bluster towards England. It, therefore, does not matter the most insignificant fraction of the minutest piece of paper-money which of the two is at the White House, though, of course, one is glad to know that the Democrat who ate so much dirt to please the "Bosses" by insulting us is not to be there. Of course this hostility may be mostly noise; but it is well to remember that in this kind of game it is always necessary for a player to go better than the last. Some day, in the excitement of bidding for the Irish vote, it may be necessary to go beyond bluster. That growth of friendly feeling towards the mother-country of which we have heard so much (after dinner) may be all very sincere; but the cultured American who expresses it so kindly is of little importance in his own country. The ultimate authority there is the "Boss" who controls the Irish vote. It is he who in the long run decides, and some day he may get something done which will lead to more serious consequences than the prolonged representation of England at Washington by a *Chargé d'Affaires*.

COLONEL TURNER AND MR. O'BRIEN.

COLONEL TURNER has undoubtedly acted with wisdom in subjecting Mr. O'BRIEN's highly-coloured account of his dealings with the Kenmare tenantry to the most conclusive of all tests—that, namely, of the publication of the entire correspondence. No one will, of course, be surprised to find that the effect of the step has been most destructive, and that Mr. O'BRIEN is shown to have described the transaction which he pretends to expose with the Irish agitator's usual indifference to accuracy. So far from being "an official admission (1) that the Irish tenants "are suffering under wrongs for which the law offers no remedy; and (2) that it is only when they have adopted the Plan of Campaign that Mr. BALFOUR's officials lend "an ear to their sufferings, and promise to do 'all in their 'power' to enforce a Plan of Campaign for their benefit," the correspondence turns out to have nothing on earth to say to proposition (1), and to demonstrate the absolute falsity from beginning to end of proposition (2). Colonel TURNER's well-meant, if not particularly judicious, interposition between Lord KENMARE and his tenants no more involves any admission of a "wrong," or any reflection on the law that "offers no remedy" for it, than any other mediation between a debtor and his creditor implies that it is unjust to expect a man to pay his debts, and that the system of jurisprudence which does not provide him with the means of repudiating them at will is miserably defective. As to the assertion that it is only when tenants have adopted the Plan of Campaign that Mr. BALFOUR's officials "lend an ear to their sufferings"—if ears can be lent to sufferings—it may be made correct by reading, "it is only when tenants "have not adopted the Plan of Campaign, and only on condition that they do not adopt it," that the offer of good offices which Mr. O'BRIEN has so ridiculously misrepresented is made. And when it is made, it is not an offer on the part of the person who makes it "to do all in his power" to enforce a Plan of Campaign of his own for the tenant's benefit, or to "enforce" anything else of any sort or kind. It is an offer to do all in his power to "get the case of "the tenants fairly put forward," accompanied by an express and careful warning to them that he "has no power "or authority whatever to interfere," and a distinct disclaimer of having ever "undertaken to see that the "tenants were fairly dealt with." Colonel TURNER, in fact, as it is quite clear from the correspondence, simply played the part of a volunteer intermediary, promising nothing, as he had no power to promise anything further than to take care that the parties were brought together, and taking no further part in the transaction after it reached that stage.

This, of course, is a proceeding which differs wholly in character, purpose, and incidents from Mr. O'BRIEN's caricature and representation of it; but we are nevertheless not prepared to say that it is one which can be regarded with unqualified approval. We doubt, in the first place, whether intervention of this kind on the part of officials in Colonel TURNER's position is really required in the interests of either landlord or tenant; and we doubt still more whether it is in accordance with the interests of the public. Tenants who are prepared to make their landlord an honest offer of payment to the extent of their abilities find no difficulty, so far as we are aware, in bringing themselves into communication with him, and getting their cases fairly put forward, either by themselves or through some representative not occupying any official position. On the other hand, it is extremely difficult for persons occupying that position to do so without incurring grave risk of misconception. We need not believe in the mere statement of the Kenmare tenants, least of all as filtered through Mr. O'BRIEN, that Sergeant CALLAGHAN gave the large, and indeed impossible, undertaking that Colonel TURNER now repudiates; but when a sergeant of police appears in the capacity in which CALLAGHAN seems to have figured, there is room even for honest misapprehension, in the mind of an Irish peasant, with regard to his authority and powers, to say nothing of the chances of wilful misrepresentation with which it supplies an Irish agitator. And, though it is, of course, a gross perversion of the truth to talk of Mr. BALFOUR's officials as enforcing a Plan of Campaign on their own account, for the benefit of the tenants, Colonel TURNER's proceeding unquestionably bears too much resemblance to an attempt to outbid the original Plan. He should know nothing of that conspiracy until it becomes his

duty to deal with it, and with those who engage in it, in his magisterial capacity. To take notice of it, and to endeavour to dissuade the tenants from adopting it, cannot fail to produce the effect of according it a quasi-official recognition.

THE REPORT OF THE CURRENCY COMMISSION.

THE conflicting reports of the Royal Commission on Gold and Silver prove one thing only beyond all dispute—that a very hopeless-looking difficulty is as hopeless as ever. When the Commissioners have agreed, it has been on points of opinion or matters of history on which agreement was of no practical importance. But they have differed widely whenever a suggestion had to be made which was to recommend some kind of action. Monometallists and bimetallicists have divided the Commissioners between them; and then there have been subdivisions. The final result of their labours has been to show once again that the currency doctors disagree on fundamentals, and can see no way of patching up a peace with one another. It can be very little satisfaction to Treasuries, men of business, Indian officials, and pensioners who are suffering from what is variously styled the depreciation of silver and the appreciation of gold to be told that "the true explanation of the "phenomena which we [namely, the Commissioners] are "directed to investigate is to be found in a combination of "causes, and cannot be attributed to any one cause alone." The more complicated and far-reaching the causes of any evil are, the more difficult must be its remedy. In the present case the difficulties have as yet proved insuperable. The Royal Commissioners are not the only authorities who, when they came to tackle the currency difficulty, have been constrained to recognize "such a divergence of opinion" among themselves that they could do nothing more than state their opinions in separate documents. In short, after two years' work they have left the question where they found it.

After what can only be described as a failure on this scale, the hope of an agreement is desperate indeed. If the Commissioners after two years of discussion and inquiry, following on years of previous study, cannot as much as come to an understanding as to whether certain "phenomena" are evils or not; whether, if evils, they are due to such and such causes, and whether the trouble is due to the appreciation of one metal or the depreciation of another, what chance is there that unanimity, or even the formation of a decisive majority, can be attained to in the market-place? It is only too probable that the question of a single or double standard will remain to be discussed for ever, along with the immortal puzzles called necessity and free will. Unfortunately, they cannot be left, like the questions of the schools, to be argued over or fought over by learned gentlemen at their leisure. They touch the pockets and interests of too many men in too direct a fashion. And not the least hopeless feature of the situation is the certainty that, whether something is done or nothing, there will equally be trouble. Those of the Commissioners who sign with Lord HERSCHELL point out that any interference with the currency in India would produce an amount of disturbance which might counterbalance any good it could do. But India cannot be excluded. Then, again, the great gold-producing colonies might see cause to complain if steps were taken to limit the relative value of their metal. Those of the Commissioners who sign with Sir LOUIS MALLET insist, with perhaps equal truth, that "the unsettled relations between "the two metals" have injured trade. They consistently enough argue that these relations ought to be settled by an international agreement—a revival or imitation on a larger scale of the Latin Union. Unfortunately, the example is not encouraging; the Latin Union has been dissolved, and, from whatever cause, it has not succeeded in fixing the ratio of value between the metals. What probability is there that any revival of it would endure? A monometallist may even think that the note which Mr. MONTAGU appends to Sir L. MALLET's Report practically concedes his case. This gentleman is of opinion that it would be impossible to return to the ratio of 15½ to 1 adopted by the Latin Union. He takes 20 to 1 as the more possible figure. But surely this is practically a confession that you cannot fix the relative values of the metals by ordinance. No Act of Parliament or agreement among nations can make those things equal which are not equal. If it were possible to make so much gold equal to so much

silver, whatever the amount of each metal in the market might be by order of the State, it would be equally possible to get rid of the precious metals altogether, and fall back on paper. As a mere matter of reasoning, the bi-metallist arguments look equally good for an unlimited paper currency. But an experience dating back for several centuries is there to show that it transcends the power of the strongest Government to make a piece of stamped paper worth so much gold, or silver either—when once you have put out more promises to pay than you have metal to redeem.

ROMANCE AND REALISM.

IT is satisfactory to find the discussion on Romance and Realism taking a less personal turn than it received from the hands of the writer who started it. The spirit in which the discoverer of the "Fall in Fiction" treated the object of his critical dislike was really worthy of bygone disputants about a "Fall" of another kind; and we quite welcome the *mitis sapientia* of Mr. GEORGE MOORE by comparison. His appeal to Mr. LANG to admit M. ZOLA's right to a place among the Romanticists has been already answered in the columns of the *St. James's Gazette*, and it is not our present purpose to comment on the particular side-issue raised by the claim of the author of *Le Rêve*. We refer to it mainly because it appears to us that in one just remark of Mr. LANG's there is, in fact, contained the very point which the author of the "Fall in Fiction" evidently meant to make against the latest form of popular romance, but which within the, to him, possibly too limited space of an article of a dozen pages or so in a monthly review, he did not succeed in making. The subject-matter of romance is something quite different from, and only too easily separable from, the romantic treatment. A story may be filled out with all the recognized romantic properties of wonder and adventure, but, for all that, its manner throughout, or in its unhappy moments, may be so frankly and blankly realistic, not to say so baldly and flatly prosaic, that the effect produced, so far from being romantic, is simply grotesque, and may even on occasion become positively offensive.

Now, without at all conceding to Mr. RIDER HAGGARD's critic that the art of the author of *She* is as deficient in the romantic quality as that critic evidently believes it to be, it must be quite evident that it is a sense—no doubt an exaggerated sense—of the subjective deficiency in Mr. HAGGARD, and not any objective vices of matter in his story, which really inspired the hostile criticisms. This, indeed, is what Mr. HAGGARD's censor seems to have been dimly driving at when he complains of the romancer's lack of "imagination" as being at the bottom of the excessive blood-thirst which he imputes to him. His remark, almost a casual one as it is on this point, is amusing as a piece of self-disclosure. "You write," he says in effect, in this light fashion, "of wounds and death, and horrors, of fractured skulls and of men cloven to the chine, because your weak or sluggish imagination does not enable you to feel what you write about—or, at any rate, not so acutely as it is felt by me, your more imaginative and every way superior reader. You would not let your hero cut and slash away at his enemies in this callous fashion 'if you could only realize, as I do, how much it hurts.' That is really at the bottom of the complaint, and nothing could more strongly illustrate the complainant's lack of self-analytic power than his inability to carry diagnosis of the sensations aroused in him by Mr. HAGGARD's battle-pieces any further than this. Wounds have always hurt—at any rate, after the blood—and, if every poet or prose-writer who has lavishly described them is justly chargeable with a lack of imagination shocking to truly refined sensibilities, we shall have to revise the list of the Immortals. But the gentleman might have seen that this is not so. Wounds hurt just as much in the *Iliad* as they do in *She*; but we imagine that Mr. HAGGARD's critic, who probably holds all the correct opinions with regard to the ancient classics, is not in the habit of deploring HOMER's want of imagination, and declaring himself disgusted by the Homeric battle-pieces. We do not expect that he will contribute another article to a monthly review to point out how horrid a scene is that in which ODYSSEUS and his companions poke a bar of heated olive-wood into the eye of the Cyclops—his single eye; observe the additional inhumanity—and to found there-

upon a lament over the Fall in the Epic to which such a grossly unimaginative style of poetizing testifies. No; he would doubtless say that he does not think anything about the tortures of the Homeric heroes, because HOMER allows him to think of nothing but the story and his own verse. And he would perhaps add, now that his own confused ideas have been kindly interpreted to him, that it is not unreasonable to write romance in the romantic spirit. That was what he meant to say in his review article, only, unfortunately, he did not say it, but wandered off at the tail of an antithesis, which has maliciously led him down a logical *cul de sac*.

THE BOARD OF WORKS.

THE Royal Commission which was employed under the direction of Lord HERSCHELL in inquiring into the charges against the Board of Works has naturally arrived at a more definite conclusion than the other Royal Commission, to which he also belonged, which has been trying to find out how to adjust the relative values of the gold and silver money. Indeed, the work of the Commission was only too easy. It was obvious from the first that there had been corruption, though only a few members of the Board were guilty. The Commissioners insist that the black sheep were not numerous. In various ways they reassert their opinion that the Board at large was not cognizant of irregularities, but that they were committed under the shelter of the ignorance or carelessness of the majority. The Report seems to have been worded by judges who remember that the offending body is about to be extinguished, and also that it has done good work in its time. For these reasons, perhaps, the Commissioners seem to be rather anxious to limit the amount of direct personal responsibility resting on the members of the Board for the undoubted misconduct of some of them and of several of their officials. This is as it should be. Good work done in time past may be fairly set off against subsequent misconduct. In any case it is needless to press on the fallen. Enough has been done when we have proof of the malpractices of some and the inefficiency of all.

It may seem cruel to revive the memory of the errors of a once-respectable body which is about to be merged into an entirely new organization. But the fact that a new governing body for the county of London is about to be elected is in itself a very sufficient reason, even if there were no other, for re-stating the later scandalous history of the Board of Works. In truth, the errors of the Board are precisely those which the County Council is most likely to be seduced into committing. Bodies of this kind are not likely to be generally corrupt, but they are all liable to contain members of the stamp of those whom the Commission has thought it necessary to select for reprobation. Unfortunately it is a matter of common experience that, when one or two offenders of this class are on a Board, the innocence of the majority is of very little avail. Gentlemen who contrive to be elected to bodies which have to deal with contracts and licences for the purpose of pushing their own little business interests have a peculiar talent for hoodwinking and misleading their more candid colleagues. They have motives for being always there and always busy. They push to be elected first, and then to be active in management, with the zeal of persons engaged in forwarding their private interests. The majority of any Board is seldom so zealous in the public service as to care to attend with great regularity, still less to inquire into the doings of colleagues, particularly when the inquiry is likely to lead to unpleasantnesses. Moreover, the whole Board is very apt to be led by the nose by officials. When a zealous black sheep or two combine with a handful of unscrupulous officials to use the Board as what the Scotch call a "tulchan," the probity of the majority is commonly found to be of little avail. Commission-taking, bribe-hunting, and log-rolling flourish quietly until some fine day there is a scandal, and then the whole body is discredited. There are people who are so convinced of the cleansing virtues of a popular vote that they feel perfectly confident about the future of the London County Council. It will be elected by a large constituency, and that they think is guarantee enough. The hopefulness of the true believer is invincible; but others will feel less certain when they think of the history of the Board of Works. That body was also elective, and was voted for by persons who

will also vote for the County Councillors. It started full of zeal and good intentions. It did good work in its day. Then the enthusiasm wore off, and the self-seeking pertinacity of the wire-puller began to have its influence. It will be rather wonderful if this stamp of member does not find his way on to the County Council. Whatever the constituency may be, the person most likely to be elected is he who presents himself for election. While the County Council is new, it will, like the Board of Works and the London School Board in their early days, attract distinguished candidates. After a time it will descend from its first glory to a much more humdrum state. Then will come the chance of the *faisseurs* of the future. The County Council will be more liable to find such tares among its corn than the School Board, for the simple reason that it will have much more to do with people in search of licences and clever gentlemen in search of contracts. In these businesses it is notorious that a little palm oil is found to make the wheels run all the smoother. When there are a great many people with palm oil to apply, the demand is found according to the well-known teaching of political economy to encourage supply, and the palm is sooner or later offered for the application of the oil. What security there is that bargains of this kind will never be made in the shady recesses of some future County Council we should not care to have to say. Perhaps there is only one—namely, that candidates whose palms are likely to itch ought never to be elected. It will help the voters to make a judicious selection from among the candidates if they remember the latter-day history of the Metropolitan Board of Works.

BUSINESS IN PARLIAMENT.

PARLIAMENT reassembled last Tuesday for its so-called Autumn Session under slightly more interesting conditions than had been expected. Nobody had looked to the House of Commons to provide the ordinary newspaper reader with anything worth his valuable attention on Wednesday morning, and there were, consequently, no disappointed breakfast-tables in this regard. But in the Upper House, on the other hand, the PRIME MINISTER made a statement on a subject in which a good many people take more or less interest, and on which Lord SALISBURY's speech was sure of finding plenty of curious readers. There can be no doubt that from the point of view of the breakfast-table it saved the Parliamentary report of that morning, and the "ordinary newspaper-reader"—who is to newspapers what the "general reader" is to books—must have sighed to learn that the House of Lords, apparently exhausted by its effort to amuse him, has adjourned for a week. He will look forward to next Wednesday with expectations which a course of Mr. CONYBEARE and Mr. PICKERSGILL will no doubt have the effect of whetting to a tantalizing pitch of keenness, since both of these gentlemen appear to have returned from their holiday restored to the full possession of their peculiar powers. The former, indeed, who has, it will be remembered, had the unsought advantage of a month's longer vacation than his colleague, would seem to be in particularly excellent and characteristic "form." In his little demonstration against the SPEAKER at the commencement of Tuesday's sitting he may, indeed, be said to have surpassed himself. There was something *plus quam* Conybearian in first irregularly interrogating the Chair as to one of the incidental effects of the suspension of "the hon. member for Camborne" on the 29th of July, and then immediately following up Mr. PEEL's courteous invitation to communicate with him privately, by giving notice of a vote of censure upon the SPEAKER for conduct constituting "a gross abuse of the rules of the House." It would doubtless, however, be a mistake to give Mr. CONYBEARE's inventive faculty the entire credit of what might at first seem an elaborately ingenious method of exercising a Parliamentary right in the most offensive way possible. Very likely it may have been half "a fluke" into which Mr. CONYBEARE stumbled through a certain natural insensibility to which, indeed, he is not inconsiderably indebted for the position he has attained—almost unique even in the view of those who remember a long line of similar performers—in the House of Commons.

In a comparatively thin Committee, however, the member of Parliament of this familiar type has plenty of opportunity for self-display without any serious interference with the progress of business. It is only when all the

gentlemen "with a duty to their constituents" in the matter of stern revision of the Estimates are present at once, and generously contend for the palm of the vigilant economist and the notice of their local newspapers, that things have a tendency to go a little slow. During the present week fortunately these disinterested zealots have not mustered in anything like their full strength, and business has proceeded at a very satisfactory rate. The Government obtained a fair number of votes at the first evening sitting, and the discussions which took place upon them were not only not unduly prolonged, but in some instances were even reasonable and to the point. Vaccination itself was discussed, on the vote for the Local Government Board, in a more rational and moderate fashion than might have been supposed possible in a debate to which Mr. PICTON made the principal contribution and in which Dr. TANNER took part. It is impossible to hear such a sentence from the member for Mid Cork as that "it would be a very terrible thing if the anti-vaccination doctrines were to spread" without wishing that the utterer of this golden sentence had been destined to immortality as "Single-speech TANNER," and that this was his single speech. The opponents of vaccination were in no force, and aired their so-called grievance with such little spirit that Mr. RITCHIE's reply to them might well have been accepted by Mr. BRADLAUGH as an excuse for withdrawing his motion to reduce the Local Government Board vote by the cost of the National Vaccine Establishment. "Principle," however, is great, and prevailed, with the result that 45 members went into the lobby in support of the motion against a majority of 154.

Wednesday's proceedings in Committee were scarcely so satisfactory perhaps, though they related in part to one matter of something more than political interest—we refer to the vote for the Record Office. The debate upon this subject promised at first to be useful; but the question of the general limitation of the public right of search to documents of more than a hundred years old unfortunately cropped up, and the head of the martyred King (which we feel is fast earning its right to a period of repose) was not long thereafter in making its appearance. There is no difficulty, as Mr. HENRIKER HEATON pointed out, in getting an order for the inspection of documents of a much later date than that nominally fixed by the rule; only such papers as would cause annoyance to living persons being withheld. Upon this hint, however, Mr. CONYBEARE spake, alleging that the cat was now out of the bag, and that, "if statesmen of a former generation were 'immoral, the susceptibilities of their descendants was 'no valid reason for not publishing what was known 'about their conduct.' And then it flashed across the mind of Dr. HUNTER that statesmen of a former generation were not only 'immoral,' but sometimes guilty of conduct which, to later models of patriotism, consistency, and political integrity, appear 'blackguardly.' He believed, did Dr. HUNTER, that the methods employed in bringing about the Act of Union were so flagitious, that, if they were fully disclosed, they would put an end to all the arguments of the Unionist party. And a discussion which might have been kept practical and useful, having thus degenerated into nonsense, the vote, we are glad to record, was agreed to without further debate; and the House proceeded to a much more sensible talk on the subject of the Stationery vote. The enormous charge under this head—amounting to more than half a million per annum—has been, and is being, reduced by the efforts of the head of the Stationery Department, although reductions of from 11,000*l.* to 16,000*l.* make, of course, but little impression on this enormous sum. Nor would any diminution of the charge be satisfactory which merely showed that the Office is continuing to do a vast quantity of unnecessary work at a cheaper rate. It is the work itself which wants overhauling—the system under which two hundredweight of printed matter, not one hundredth part of which is read by more than one-tenth of its recipients, is sent every year to each one of 670 persons. It is clear that something ought to be done to check this hideous waste; and Mr. LABOUCHERE's proposal that each member should inspect Parliamentary papers and Blue-books in the Library, and indicate those which they desire to have sent to them, appears a practical one. No doubt, however, it is the printer's bill which is the really heavy item; and there must be an immense amount of matter unnecessarily put into type to the reduction of which economists ought in reality to address themselves. The offer of the Government

to appoint a Committee on this subject has really more appropriateness than usually belongs to this stereotyped method of meeting Parliamentary criticism.

It was less fittingly employed, perhaps, to meet the observations of the economists who, with Mr. LABOUCHERE at the head, attacked the administration of the Office of Woods and Forests. The attitude of a Government which "courts inquiry" into everything is, of course, a safe, and generally an unassailable one; but it is certainly a question whether mere vague complaints of the management of public departments, especially when they proceed from persons who have bestowed so little reflection on many of their criticisms, ought always to succeed in securing the appointment of Committees to investigate facts which they might inquire into for themselves. Surely, for instance, it might have occurred to Mr. LABOUCHERE that a public department would not be likely, even if it was legally able, to restore a parish church out of pure desire, as he childishly suggested, to support the Anglican Establishment at the expense of rival denominations; and a question or two addressed to any private friend more familiar with these subjects than perhaps he is would have at once guided him on to the very simple fact that in the case in question the Crown was the owner of the whole parish, and, as such, legally responsible for the maintenance of the church. Mr. HANBURY, again, when exclaiming against the scanty return of profits from the New Forest, might reasonably have been expected to pause and ask himself whether the extraction of large profits from this source could possibly be made to consist with the purposes for which the Forest is maintained in its present condition. The inconsiderate character of such criticisms is the less to be excused because the critics in almost every case belong to that useful class of members who are zealous for the preservation of open spaces, and who would undoubtedly be the first to exclaim against any attempt to treat a spot like the New Forest on strict commercial principles, and to commute any of its amenities as a place of public resort for a certain sum of money payable into the national exchequer.

DRAG-HUNTING.

IT is the custom to speak of a drag with a deprecating smile, as if it were a fond thing, vainly invented, whose very mention needed an apology. This, as we hope presently to show, is far from being the case. In its best known phase, however, which we propose to treat of first, there is nothing particularly scientific or sportsmanlike about drag-hunting. While making this admission, we claim even for this sort of drag-hunt that it is at least an honest and straightforward amusement, and that it is an infinitely better thing than a bagged fox, a bagged hare, or a drag which pretends to be the natural trail of a hare or a fox. Nor are we of the opinion that it would be just as good fun to ride across country between two given points without any hounds as to follow a pack of drag-hounds to a place well known to all the riders beforehand. Be the line ever so familiar to a horseman, it is well for him to accustom himself to ride "to hounds," to keep his eyes unceasingly on the hounds and the next fence, and to acquire the habit of constant watchfulness against the crime of jumping on a tailed hound. These considerations lead us to esteem drag-hunting as of decided, if secondary, usefulness to the student of the art of riding to hounds; and there can be no question as to whether horses go best over a country with hounds or without them. It may be said that a man who wished to become a good sportsman would learn far more by following a pack of harriers than a drag, and to this we willingly assent; indeed, for many reasons, we would rather put a young fellow to hunt altogether for a season or two with a pack of harriers than with a pack of drag-hounds; at the same time we should expect him at the end of this probation to be a little wanting in dash, decision at his fences, and knowledge of pace, qualities likely to be highly developed by drag-hunting. Notwithstanding, the balance of advantages would, in our opinion, unquestionably rest with the hunter of the hare rather than with the hunter of the herring.

In defence of occasionally using a drag for either foxhounds or harriers we are unable to say a word, except that thereby it is possible to get a capital gallop. It is a wicked and a foolish proceeding; wicked, because unsportsmanlike and apt to make hounds wild, and foolish, because, if found out, it has the disastrous moral effect of making a field for the future incredulous when there is a really good run after a fox or a hare. We suspect that half the pleasure of using a drag for regular hounds consists in the very knowledge of the iniquity of the deed. We have reason to recollect a certain person getting up very early on a cold winter's morning, and taking a drag from a small cover, which was to be the first drawn that day, over three miles of beautiful grass country (a far more laborious pro-

ceeding than it had appeared when contemplated in the smoking-room on the previous evening), and returning to change his tweeds for a red-coat, leathers and tops, before breakfast; nor have we forgotten that when that misguided man, feeling "knowing" but trying to look innocent, rode to the corner of the cover and pretended to halloo a fox away, the hounds refused to stoop to the trail which he had, at such infinite pains, prepared for them. The expression of the faces of the crabbed old master and the saturnine huntsman, on the occasion, as well as the pottering, woodland day which took the place of the intended gallop, remain equally vivid in the recollection. Some one, again, never forgets a little episode which occurred during his mastership of a pack of harriers. Some hard-riding men and ladies were expected at a certain meet, and with a view to giving them a gallop, a drag had been clandestinely planned. In order to ensure the scent being fresh and strong, the man to whom the execution of this nefarious plot had been entrusted was only to start five minutes before the hour appointed for the meet from a little spinney a short distance off; meanwhile, to give a genuine appearance to the proceedings, the master, who was also the huntsman, trotted off in the opposite direction, to pretend to draw for a hare where he least expected to find one. In this unlikely spot there happened, on this special occasion, to be a hare, and after this hare went the pack. The master consoled himself by determining to get through a little time with the hare, to manage to lose her, and then to take his hounds up to the starting-point of the drag. He was to be saved this trouble! The pack went away with such a will and so good a scent that there was no excuse for interfering with them; and they suddenly swung round and ran as hard as they could up to the aforesaid spinney. They were scarcely in it before they dashed out of it again on the opposite side, and away they flew, heads up and sterna down, along the line of the drag. "It must be a fox, by Jove!" shouted one of the field; but the master knew better, as he uneasily reflected that the hounds had got on the drag some twenty minutes too soon. There was no chance of stopping them; for there was a blazing scent, and the pack consisted mainly of foxhound bitches that had been drafted from their original kennels on account of their want of size. These miniature foxhounds ran as "mute" as they ran fast, especially with such a scent as this, and the man who was taking the drag was jogging along leisurely, in the middle of a twenty-acre grass field, when a faint whimper (he was going upwind in order to make the scent stronger) for the first time apprised him of the fact that there were "dogs a-comin'." He looked round and beheld the pack racing after him, with a couple of hard-riding strangers in the very act of clearing the fence behind them. Now if the man had been trailing an old-fashioned red-herring, it would have been a simple matter to have dropped it and walked off, an unconcerned spectator; but his method of taking a drag had been to pour the contents of a bottle of aniseed over the soles of his boots, and they were securely laced to his feet. Hitherto he had never tried the effect of allowing himself to be "killed in the open" by a pack of hounds. According to the programme, he was to finish his share of the transaction in a small cover, where he was to climb up a tree, while a boy who was lying in wait turned down a bagged hare, just before the hounds came up. Perceiving the alteration in the arrangements, he began to run as hard as his legs could carry him. The hounds now ran from scent to view, and then followed what sporting journals call "a brilliant scene." The drag-taker was putting his best foot foremost; the hounds were racing across the field after him, and the hard-riding strangers were keeping as steady in their saddles as their laughter would permit them. Happily, the aniseeded man was just able to reach a tree before the hounds reached him; nor was he slow in getting up that tree. Here was mortification for the master! The run had not been more than a third of its intended length; all the elaborate arrangements for turning down the bagged hare at the end were frustrated, and, worst of all, the hard-riding strangers would be certain to spread abroad this story of sin and shame to the detriment of the characters of the master and his hounds.

There is a common theory that, if you have a drag at all for a regular drag-pack, you should make both the scent and the pace as hot as possible from find to finish. In one sense this is true; at the same time, it ought not to be forgotten that a drag is a substitute for hunting, and not for steeplechasing. If a man were going to meet the Quorn at one of the best gorses in the country, we should not expect him to say that he thought the hounds would have such a quick thing, that he should ride a hired hack-hunter because he would be afraid of injuring one of his own hunters; yet this is exactly what men often do say when they are going out with a pack of drag-hounds. There is no accounting for taste, but to mount a thirty-pound screw, and ride his tail off, is not exactly our idea of the highest earthly felicity. The pace of foxhounds when hunting a fox with a burning scent is good enough for us; nor should we ever wish to ride faster than a well-bred hunter could carry us without undue distress. We are inclined to think that drags are run too straight from point to point. In the best of runs a fox takes a somewhat wavering line. Every experienced rider to hounds knows that they often bend or turn in the course of a run. Usually, a fox follows his ordinary route from cover to cover, and this has been carefully selected, according to circumstances, and with a view to the avoidance of various dangers. Even when hard pressed over a strange country, he will

every now and then change his course a little when he sees objects which alarm him standing in his way. When he feels that he is getting beaten, again, he will double or turn in order to elude his pursuers. Now, in most, although not in all, instances, a drag fails to imitate the line of a fox in these particulars, and this we venture to consider a pity. Why should not a run with a drag imitate a run with the fox as closely as possible? If, however, speed is to be the sole aim and object in drags, it might be better to run them over a flat course, and to race the hounds against each other like horses or greyhounds. A couple of hundred years ago at Newmarket, Plates used to be "given for Hounds running a Train-scent of four miles, for which any gentleman" might "put in a Hound."

We now come to scientific drag-hunting. It is to be lamented that this is a much-neglected, although, as we can testify, not a totally neglected science. Almost any dogs may be trained for the work; perhaps two couple of beagles serve the purpose best; but we have had excellent sport with other breeds, and the best of all with one renowned Skye-terrier. Unlike hounds for ordinary drag-hunting, the hounds or dogs used for this kind of drag can hardly be too slow. To play the game properly, one person must personate the hare and another the huntsman. The latter will, so to speak, "hide his face," as children would say, while the former takes a by no means strongly-scented drag—say a rabbit-skin, half a herring, or a small piece of raw meat tied to a string—wherever he likes. He should make all sorts of awkward turns and doubles, recrossing his line, passing among sheep and cattle, and, if the huntsman is going to ride, selecting uninviting, yet not unfair, "obstacles." He will, of course, traverse a ringing, zigzagging line, so that he may be able to see the whole performance by a very little walking, if not by standing still. Finally, he may hide his drag either three feet above or one inch below the ground. The huntsman may or may not be limited as to the time within which he must "kill," and he may be allowed to cast his hounds twice or oftener in the course of the run, according to the distance. The game is sometimes provocative of a little gambling, and in this case some one should act as umpire, accompanying the hare in taking his drag to see that no unfair trick is tried. This sort of drag-hunting affords considerable scope for a display of huntsman's skill; it is a valuable lesson for boys who are likely to become some day masters of hounds, and it is far from bad fun for grown-up men. It may be practised over miles or yards, farms or gardens, on horseback or on foot. Indeed, we have seen very fair sport of this kind in a house, with a red india-rubber ball tied to a string for a drag, and one lapdog for a "pack." Let not the reader smile. It takes considerable trouble to teach a dog to excel at this miniature hunting, and his training must be begun when he is young. To those who care to observe the wonderful powers of scent possessed by the dog, we commend drag-hunting as an interesting study, and both as a science and as a sport we believe it to be open to considerable development.

AN INFINITE DEAL OF — ?

WHIMSICAL persons have sometimes suggested that, by way of curtailing the inordinate amount of literature given to the world, a system of skeletonizing, or *précis* in very compressed form, should be adopted. Thus, a vast majority of three-volume novels, many plays, and all but a comparatively small number of minor poems, with some major ones, could be reduced to their lowest terms in the following simple dialogue (which, by the way, is copyright, and all rights reserved):—

He (*passionately*). . . . Darling!

She (*reproving but gracious*). . . . Hush!

Mr. Gladstone's dozen or sixteen speeches at Birmingham could on this system be represented with surprisingly little expenditure of words, though, according to the *Daily News*, the stage directions would have to be more elaborate than our own sternly simple indications, and would have to run (we quote that organ) "with varied play of feature, arched eyebrows, and knowing smiles which invite the preparation for irony and ridicule." Subject to this addition the *précis* might run somewhat thus:—

(1) Mr. GLADSTONE (*speaking politically for x hours*).—My friends, I have been out of Downing Street for all but three years, and, therefore, everything has gone wrong.

(2) Mr. GLADSTONE (*speaking non-politically for y hours*).—My friends, I can talk fluent commonplace on every conceivable subject, and I proceed to do so; but you must remember that the Irish question—

If on these two formulæ a reasonably intelligent person cannot graft for himself the fable of the Giant and the Dwarf (a recon-structed parable, of infinite novelty and wit, probably related "with arched eyebrows"), the "stale and pettifogging" character of Mr. Goschen, the "You're another"ness of Mr. Balfour (was this done with arched eyebrows, or knowing smiles, or both?), and a great many other things, that person, however reasonably intelligent, must be very unreasonably unimaginative. "What a lot of ground he has got over!" is said, on the most trustworthy authority, to have been the delighted cry of the Birmingham worshipper after one of these deliverances. The encomium is, perhaps, something awkward. A political speaker should not only get over ground, but occupy it; and it can hardly be said, we should think, that Mr. Gladstone's occupation of any ground was on this occasion very formidable. Still it may not be dis-

agreeable to stroll after his scurry, and note some incidents of it, especially those lighter ones which could not so well find a proper place elsewhere.

Consider, for instance, that fable of the Giant and the Dwarf which Mr. Gladstone "heard probably in his childhood." Although it has also probably been applied to the real Liberal party half a hundred times already by Separatists in a waggishness, it is a rather awkward fable for Mr. Gladstone's purposes, surely. In the first place, a party of the strength of the Liberal-Unionists may of course be, in Mr. Gladstone's eyes, dwarfish; but, as he split up his own party for the sake of another group of very similar dimensions, his idea of size would appear to be as "varied" as he himself calls his experiences of the Irish question. Some scores of votes are worth breaking up the Liberal party for, worth eating all the words ever spoken by self and lieutenants on the subject, and (by Mr. Gladstone's own confession) worth interposing a hopeless obstacle in the way of public business; but, on the other side, they only make a "dwarf" group. And it may further be suggested that, if the dwarf joined the giant merely because another giant required him to apostatize or be eaten up, he may perhaps not have made such a bad bargain after all. An orator should always think of these little corollaries, these little deductions, when he fetches out obscure and forgotten legends from the storehouse of his childhood's memory. And especially should he do so when he talks of Liberal-Unionists as dwarfs in the capital of English Radicalism, where a day or two before he spoke they had fought, and without a loss on their own side victoriously beaten, his own friends.

There are a considerable number of minor points on which, like Mr. Gladstone himself, we can only touch. He asserts that during his half-century and more of public life he "has only been anxious for light." That is a noble sentiment. It has been uttered in myriad forms since the great prayer of Ajax, the noblest ever uttered by human lips—*ἔν δὲ φάει καὶ δαίμων*. But is Mr. Gladstone's quite that prayer? We venture to think not. It is not practical enough for him. "Give light and kill me" is not a possible construction to place on all or any of this politician's speeches. "Show a light to Downing Street" is the Gladstonian form of the orison; or, if he brought in "destruction" at all, it would be, "Give a light and destroy my enemies." The period at which Mr. Gladstone desired "light" for its own sake has hitherto escaped his biographers. But this matter is nothing to another which occurred in the Bingley Hall speech, and that is the mysterious reference to the albatross. That fowl has done hard duty in its time, but it never was subjected to harder usage than by Mr. Gladstone. What he really did say, or whether it was or not such abject nonsense as friends and foes alike record, we cannot, of course, undertake to determine. Here are three versions—the version of the adoring *Daily News* summary writer, the version of the *Daily News* reporter, and the version of the *Times*:—

"There are two wings of the Liberal party," said Mr. Gladstone, further on in the speech. If it had a few feathers, said Mr. Gladstone, there might be a chance of its flying away, but feathers or no feathers, like the albatross, you'll teach that wing to fly. This clever play of repartee between auditor and orator was one of the comparatively few incidents that broke in upon the serious eloquence which held the audience spellbound.

It is said that there are two wings—(A Voice: "One has got no feathers to it," and loud laughter). It probably would be better if that one wing had some feathers on it, because there then might be a chance of its flying away. (Laughter.) I am afraid that as matters now stand there is no likelihood of its flying away by voluntary action, although I have no doubt that, feathers or no feathers, like the albatross, which I believe is not at all strong in that particular, when the proper time comes you will teach that wing to fly away. (Laughter and cheers.) But, gentlemen, this is one of the wings of the Liberal party, and I believe that what I have now under my eye would numerically—though it is a mere sample—(laughter and cheers)—of our wing—I verily believe that if the whole of the other wing were collected from one end of the country to the other, they would find it very difficult to fill up Bingley Hall—(Laughter and renewed cheers).

That is the state of the account between what are sometimes called the two wings of the Liberal party. It is said that there are two wings.—(A Voice: "One has got no feathers to it," and loud laughter.) It probably would be better if that one wing had some feathers on it, because there then might be a chance of its flying away—(Laughter). I am afraid that as matters now stand there is no likelihood of its flying away by voluntary action, although I have no doubt that, feathers or no feathers, like the albatross, which I believe is not at all strong in that particular, when the proper time comes you will teach that wing to fly away—(Laughter and cheers).

Now we think we are entitled to ask men and angels to explain this. Does Mr. Gladstone think that the albatross has got no feathers, or does he think that it has got no wings, or what does he think? We can only suppose that the great man has forgotten what the peculiarity of the albatross is. It can fly better than any bird known and its feathers are undeniable, but it is bad at walking. "Ses ailes de géant l'empêchent de marcher," says a French poet. But who ever heard that the albatross had no feathers, and if it had, what conceivable appropriateness would Mr. Gladstone's "clever play of repartee" have? It is true that he who made the major part of the Liberal party fly from its traditions, its pledged word, its principles, and everything that belonged to it, except its love of office, ought to know something about flying; but does he? If he does, will he be good enough, in one of those ingenious revised versions of his speeches which he is fond of giving, just to explain this knotty, this feathery, point?

But it is perhaps unkind to make any such demand of Mr. Gladstone. It is sufficiently notorious that he can only speak in his best vein to a blindly favourable audience, and it is of course clear that even such nonsense as this about the albatross is with a blindly favourable audience sure to go down. An audience which, instead of hissing Lord Aberdeen for producing a telegram from the Granite City couched in the lowest style of American political language, and talking about "Goschen's jargon" (to be sure Mr. Goschen said very little about albatrosses), applauded that telegram, would naturally applaud any balderdash that Mr. Gladstone (who, after talking about "stale pettifogging" can hardly object to "balderdash") might say. We do not think very badly of Mr. Gladstone for selecting his style, and it would be lost labour to think badly of the audience for approving it. But what is really interesting is to consider the state of mind of the persons—of some of the persons—who surrounded Mr. Gladstone, and who had to declare themselves delighted with stuff of this sort. The eminent Sir Balthazar Foster, Mr. Gladstone's host, does not count; his admiration is certainly genuine, and though he would probably deem it sacrilegious to talk about an albatross, he will possibly go as far as a goose in his own next political address. Mr. Mundella, Sir James Kitson, Lord Ripon, and a few others no doubt thought that the albatross was all that the albatross ought to be. Sir George Trevelyan may have been occupied in speculating whether the albatross in its famous act of suspension in ether really rests on both wings at first, or achieves the result by blows first of the one and then of the other, like his own celebrated performance when he was hovering between Unionism and Separatism. Mr. Schnadhorst probably never heard of an albatross; they do not appear at caucuses. But it would be really interesting to collect the private, not the public, suffrages of Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Lord Rosebery, Lord Spencer, Mr. Fowler, and even Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, on the introduction of this fowl. They would probably have run something thuswise:—

Sir W. H. Old Man taking bird from *Ancient Mariner*. Good!

Mr. MORLEY. I wish I could have shot that albatross with my crossbow before he appeared.

Lord ROSEBERY. Two to one on Albatross!

Lord SPENCER. O'Brien would probably black that albatross to suit my character and my boots, if he could get hold of it.

Mr. FOWLER. What is the duty on albatrosses?

Mr. CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN.

I found salvation; I could pray—
That from my neck so free
That albatross would fall and sink,
Like lead into the sea.

ALL TOGETHER. Confound this albatross!

But when the population of Birmingham cheered, and thought the albatross something sublime:—

Mr. MORLEY (*sotto voce*). Oh, people of Birmingham, how long will you continue idiots? (*Aloud*). "After this extraordinary and unparalleled demonstration." . . .

(*Left speaking.*)

GREAT TOWNS—PLYMOUTH.

FROM the ramparts of the citadel on the high land, to the east of the Hoe, commanding views of the whole town of Plymouth and the surrounding country lie displayed. The walk round these ramparts, open to the public, is level, but zigzag, and follows the course of the outer wall, forming the access to the various batteries, now obsolete in military science. This walk is very beautiful on all sides, and from it can be obtained a good impression of the town, with the reasons why it has become a town, and why it has been selected for purposes of war, trade, and pleasure, the three great sources of its prosperity. The Citadel itself was built by Charles II. on land which was before part of the Hoe, and here it was that Drake played his famous game of bowls before going forth to attack the Spanish Armada. The batteries command the town as well as the sea, the raised siege of Plymouth, in the days when it was a Parliament stronghold against the first Charles, inducing the second Charles to think his enemies might be found within as well as without his dominions. He at the same time built Charles Church, as a sort of pious set-off to the citadel, the men of Plymouth fully appreciating at the time his royal motives for these additions to the glory of their town. The spire of Charles is conspicuous from the ramparts, as well as the fine old tower of St. Andrew's, these churches representing the two parishes, still the two civil parishes, which contain the whole of Plymouth proper. But on the ramparts is to be seen a much larger town. Far away to the westward is Hamoaze, the famous estuary of the rivers Tamar, Tavny, and Lynher, with the great men-of-war lying in a land-locked anchorage of 18 to 108 feet of water at the lowest tides. On the eastern bank of this splendid haven were built the royal dockyards; and round them, on the land side, arose Devonport, known as Plymouth Dock, and the inhabitants as Dockers, till in 1824 it was raised to the dignity of a town, and took its present neatly invented name. Between Plymouth on the east and Devonport on the west lies Stonehouse, connecting the two and making the whole appear as one. The Three Towns, as they are locally called, present themselves to the man of the world, contemplating things in general from the citadel ramparts, as one very large town, beautifully situated. The inhabitants are fully

conscious of a distinction between a Plymouth man, a Devonport man, and a Stonehouse man; but the man of the world will not trouble himself with these insignificant details and will regard the whole as Plymouth, the name which is historical, and occupies some pages in the annals of both Great and Greater Britain.

Our man of the world as he walks round these ramparts has the whole place, on the north, south, east, and west, at his feet, and being a person of wide views, will find much matter wherewithal to exercise his mind. The beauties of nature will probably strike him first. Northwards beyond the large and populous town itself he will see the very pretty suburbs of Stoke and Manna-mead, situated on high picturesque land, and behind them the Dartmoor Tors. Due north he will be struck by the sight of Brent Tor in the far distance, with its church at the very apex pointing upwards to the skies, said to be the holy work of a sailor in distress, who swore he would build a church on the first land he saw, and kept his oath. The other tradition, that good men built the church on a reasonably accessible place, and the Devil took the stones to the top of the Tor every night, he will put aside for the present for want of evidence, remembering that he is authorized by Mr. Huxley to believe anything, if there is only evidence enough. Looking eastward he will see before him Cattewater, the estuary of the river Plym, with its merchant shipping, and a host of busy fishers in their boats of all sizes, the red tanned sails relieving the monotony of the white canvas of the ships and yachts. Beneath is the Barbican, a part of the harbour retaining a very old name, and Sutton Harbour, with more ships and fishing craft. This is the old trading wharf, and this mouth of the Plym is enclosed by high land, consisting of Queen Anne's battery, intended for battering the ~~the~~ now a dilapidated old fort, Cattedown, Staddon Heights, and Mount Batten, where there is an old round tower on a peninsula, originally good for defence. Beyond is a rich wooded country, and the Dartmoor range forms the background. Turning to the south there is one of the finest harbours in the world, the far-famed Plymouth Sound. The new Eddystone Lighthouse can be seen in the remote distance, and the Breakwater, the boundary seaward of the anchorage where H.M.'s ships and the merchant shipping ride safely at their separate moorings. The eastern boundary of the Sound is a shelter of high cliffs capped by forts and rifle-buffs, and the Mewstone forms the extreme point of the bay. Lovely Mount Edgumbe is the western boundary, with its deer park and its trees dipping their branches in the tide. There is St. Nicholas or Drake's Island, a strong place for defence, and further out Cawsand Bay, where Nelson's fleet rode before the Breakwater made the Sound safe against a south-westerly gale. Penlee Point is the western extremity, corresponding to the Mewstone on the east. Immediately under the south wall of the citadel is the newly-established Laboratory of the Marine Biological Association, a handsome building, in excellent taste, built of the native limestone taken out from its foundations. It consists of an aquarium on the ground floor, constructed on the most scientific principles, where the biologist and the public can see life from their different points of view, and on the upper floors are laboratories, dissecting-rooms, a library, and everything to complete it for scientific research. In the eastern wing lives the secretary in charge, whose windows look out on a charming sea view. The Town Council have lately laid out much money in embellishing the surroundings of this æsthetic abode of science and have done it well. From the western ramparts the Hoe lies open with its fresh green grass and a broad walk for wet weather. There is the old Eddystone Lighthouse, transplanted by an enthusiastic citizen as a memorial of Smeaton, who built it with such complete success. There is also a statue of Drake by Boehm, and the foundation of an Armada memorial laid with great ceremony on the 19th of July last. On the shores of the Hoe are its piers and bathing places and every known contrivance for going afloat. Beyond the Hoe the lofty masts of the ships in the Great Western Docks appear, and further westward Hamoaze, Mount Edgumbe, and the Cornish hills. Plymouth is now, as a whole, a fortified place, having two distinct systems of protection against hostilities by sea or by land. The fortifications seaward are seen from the ramparts, but those landward are two miles from the town and are designed to stop an enemy who has effected a landing elsewhere.

These are, shortly but chiefly, the physical aspects of Plymouth; but the man of the world finds food for reflection in this striking habitation of his race, and will proceed to moralize on men and manners as they here present themselves. He will call to mind that Plymouth has an ancient history, and was first built on the shore near the older town of Sutton (Southtown), which it has long since absorbed into itself. War and trade, fishing being included as a trade, have been carried on here for countless generations from prehistoric times. The cave-men have left their flint tools and their bones in the limestone caverns of Cattewater. And long after their time Vikings are said to have coasted down Channel and, finding Hamoaze and the Tamar pleasant places in a rich, fruitful country, made it their home, ousting the fiery Celt, in whose room they implanted the sort of stuff that Drake and the other great sea-going heroes were made of. With war and trade as its motive powers, Plymouth has steadily advanced through the ages from small beginnings to large proportions. There has been no sudden spring up from nothing, as in the case of some of the largest modern towns, but it has gradually

advanced, and has never gone back, until it is now the largest town south of a line drawn from London to Bristol—that is, in the South of England. As the finest port in the entrance of the Channel, through which pass a large proportion of the ships of all nations, whether in peace or war, it has ever been a resort and a refuge for sailors, imparting to the men, and the women too, a strong seafaring dash. It has been in times gone by, on some occasions, burnt by the French, and it has returned the compliment. Good sailors and hardy fishermen are bred on its shores, and crews of women row races at the regattas. In war times—it is not easy now to imagine years and years of uninterrupted war—press-gangs rifled the streets of men, and Jack ashore was a semi-sacred animal, privileged by his hardships and the salt-water sympathies of the people to do what he pleased, and it pleased him to play many wonderful pranks. In those days Plymouth was crowded with men-of-war, privateers, and their prizes, for which they swept the seas, and these made it one of the busiest places in the world. War, trade, and pleasure have been and are the making of Plymouth. The trade is now principally an import trade for the supply of the large population from Exeter to the Land's End. The manufactures and exports are not many. Before the coal and iron mines were developed in other parts of England, Plymouth was a great mart for the fine Devonshire cloths and woollen goods. The climate of Dartmoor induced the sheep to put on very good wool; but the wool is now taken away to the machinery of the coal and iron districts. The famous Plymouth china was also made by one Cookworthy, a native of great taste in art, but the china clay is now also sent away, and is one of the principal exports. Copper and tin mining, as every one knows, is a West-country industry, and the ore is sent down the Tamar to Plymouth, shipped off to be smelted near the coal-fields. There is no great wealth in Plymouth, millions have never been piled up there, but it is a solace to know that neither is there any distressing poverty, the people on the whole are well to do, and they take their pleasures freely and gaily.

There is a south-western sort of air about the whole place, not the atmosphere and the weather only, but the people are south-westerly—that is to say, there is a certain softness and a certain hardihood about them, like a south-westerly gale. They are Damnonians all over, a strong mixture of the lively Celt with the steady English. Plymouth has always been a wonderful place for extreme views—the Quaker, the Puritan, and the Plymouth Brethren prosper in their vale of tears—the various churches exhort the wicked, and the people at large enjoy themselves immensely in this world. On their serious side they have their preachings and their meetings, their Plymouth Institution, domiciled in an atheneum, where learning and wit more or less sparkle, and they have their hospitals, asylums, and schools. On their pleasure-loving side they have a moving population of soldiers and sailors, admirals and generals, bands of music, reviews and manoeuvres, excursions by land and sea in all directions to a surprising extent, concerts, balls, a good theatre, and everything to gladden the heart of man. They are a very gay people, there can be no doubt about it. They exhibited themselves in their true colours, and those colours were very bright, on the day of the Spanish Armada Tercentenary this year. There was not a place in the world so gay as Plymouth was on that day. Everybody dressed in their best, went to see the Mayor lay the foundation-stone of the Memorial, and to listen while he made a speech, without hearing a word. There were soldiers in scarlet, and bands of music without end. Everybody flocked to the citadel to see Drake's game at bowls repeated in Elizabethan costume, as nearly so as might be, on the very spot where Drake did it, before smashing the Armada. And the Hoe was completely crammed with people in holiday garb to see the pageant, a fantastic procession of all the Kings and Queens of England, to remind the frivolous that the Armada is real history, and no nonsense. The sun was shining, the Sound was full of yachts with a full display of flags, and the scene was really gorgeous. Here was Plymouth taking her pleasure, as she is very much given to doing. With this slight sketch the man of the world can see what Plymouth is, and what the Plymouth people are.

Science is not very profound in Plymouth as yet, and every other man is very far indeed from being a F.R.S.; but the Marine Biological Association has established its Laboratory here with a purely scientific object, in which it has been munificently supported by a Plymouth merchant and his family. It has been over and over again proved that science must be pursued solely for her own sake, laying aside economical and useful questions, confident that when accurate knowledge is obtained it may prove useful in a surprising and unexpected direction. A small steamer has been procured to supply the Laboratory by dredging and fishing, and Science has established herself in her strictly scientific shape on the beautiful shores of Plymouth. The fisheries are sure to benefit, and their wisest course is to help science in going her own way.

"Though last, not least in love," in the words of Marc Antony, the women of Plymouth must be mentioned as famous for their beauty, or rather prettiness. The Devonshire lass is very fresh and rosy; she is apt to be plump and strong, and when she takes a holiday, which she never throws away a chance of doing, she has an eye for colour, and her bright dress and smart ribbons are decorative of her favourite sprightly town. On the aforesaid occasion of the Armada Tercentenary she had a very marked effect on the brilliancy of the scene.

Although war is a very tragical affair, sailors and soldiers are light-hearted enough, and the officers and men of the ships and the regiments very greatly assist in the amusements so prevalent in Plymouth. There are balls on board ship, and balls in barracks, balls at the Admiral's, and balls at the General's, and the musical sense of the people is cultivated by the fine bands of both services, of the Marines especially, whose musical hospitality is unbounded.

Thus it is that war, trade, and pleasure together constitute the genius of Plymouth.

VAGLIANO v. THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE decision of Mr. Justice Charles in the case of Vagliano against the Bank of England has given an unpleasant shock to bankers. It has long been settled law, no doubt, that bankers pay a forged bill at their risk. But there were exceptional circumstances in this case which seemed to take it out of the general rule, and therefore the decision of the learned judge has caused very general surprise in the City. It seems to be contrary to justice, however consonant it may be with law. Of course there will be an appeal, but in the meantime Mr. Justice Charles's judgment must be regarded as settling the law upon the point. The facts of the case are undisputed, and may therefore be briefly stated. Mr. Vagliano is a merchant and foreign banker carrying on business for many years past in the City of London; at first in partnership with his brothers and of late alone. He banked with the Bank of England; and it will give some idea of the magnitude of his business when we say that in 1886 the Bank of England made payments on his account amounting in all to about three and a half millions sterling, and that in the first ten months of the following year the payments were almost as large. Mr. Vagliano had correspondents all over the world who were in the habit of drawing bills upon his firm. The practice was for a correspondent when drawing to advise the firm by letter of his doing so, giving particulars of the draft. The letter was opened, in the first place, by the foreign correspondence clerks, and was placed by one or other of them before the head of the firm. It was then passed on to another clerk, who entered the particulars in a book. When the bill arrived and was presented for acceptance, it was compared with the particulars in this book by the clerk who had entered them, and, if found in order, he would stamp across it the words, "Accepted, payable at the Bank of England." After this it would be laid before Mr. Vagliano, and by him accepted. At the end of every month a list of the bills payable in the following month was forwarded to the Bank of England; and occasionally in the course of the month the Bank was advised to pay other bills that might become due. It is important to enter into all these details, for upon them largely depends the liability of the Bank. The foreign correspondence clerks were two in number, one of them being named Glika. Although he was paid no more than 15*s.* a month, he appears to have enjoyed the full confidence of Mr. Vagliano, and certainly he was allowed most extraordinary latitude of conduct. He entered into disastrous speculations upon the Stock Exchange, for enormous amounts, and, in the hope of retrieving himself, between the middle of February and the middle of October last year he forged bills—forty-three in number—for the amount in the aggregate of 71,500*l.* There is no doubt that he acted with extraordinary skill and dexterity. Amongst Mr. Vagliano's foreign correspondents was a Mr. George Vucina, a merchant and banker in Odessa, whose credit with the London house was practically unlimited. Glika having possessed himself of genuine letters of advice and genuine bills of Mr. Vucina, had paper prepared identical in texture and appearance with that used by Mr. Vucina, and also had bills prepared identical in all respects. To these he forged Mr. Vucina's name as drawer, and in each case he wrote on the face of the bills C. Petridi & Co. as payees; the latter house (Messrs. C. Petridi & Co.) being actually in existence, and having some times been made payees by Mr. Vucina. With great cleverness he placed the forged letters of advice amongst the genuine ones; then, when proper time was allowed, he slipped the forged bills amongst the genuine bills presented for acceptance, and as the bills after acceptance were passed out into the room in which Glika sat, he was able to extract the forged ones and to present them, either in person or by an agent, at the Bank of England and get them paid. This went on, as we have said, for about eight months without detection, until it was discovered that Glika had forged Mr. Vagliano's name to an acceptance; when he was arrested, confessed his crimes, and was sentenced to ten years' penal servitude. Thereupon Mr. Vagliano sued the Bank of England for the 71,500*l.* alleged by him to have been wrongfully paid.

The Bank of England rested its defence upon two arguments—first, that it was exempted by the Bills of Exchange Act of 1882, which provides that, where the payee is a fictitious or non-existing person, the bill may be treated as payable to bearer; and, secondly, that the plaintiff had by his own negligence caused the loss. As we have already stated, the payees in every case of these forged bills—Petridi & Co.—are real persons; but it was contended for the Bank that Parliament could not have intended that the mere selection of real names by a forger should defeat the object of the Act. Mr. Justice Charles, however, has decided in favour of the plaintiff, on the ground that

Petridi & Co. were chosen as payees by Glika for the express purpose of deceiving Mr. Vagliano, because the name of the firm was not only known to Mr. Vagliano, but was known as that of a house in whose favour bills drawn by Mr. Vucina were sometimes made payable. Therefore, the Judge argued, it was the intention of Mr. Vagliano to pay the bills to the order of this house, and consequently they were neither fictitious nor non-existing persons in the meaning of the Act. The distinction is a very subtle one; but whether it will be upheld by the Court of Appeal remains to be seen. The second contention of the Bank of England appeared stronger still. As we have seen, Glika was a clerk in receipt of a salary of only 180*l.* a year, and yet he was allowed to manage the foreign correspondence department without superintendence of any kind. If there had been efficient superintendence, it is quite clear the forgeries never could have been committed, clever though Glika undoubtedly is. When the forty-three bills were laid before Mr. Vagliano for acceptance, there was no endorsement upon any one of them; but after acceptance Glika endorsed forged names upon all, with dates earlier than the dates of acceptance. Had anybody in the office taken the trouble to examine the back of any one of these bills it is clear the detection of the forgery must have immediately taken place; but no such ordinary check upon forgery was exercised. It is to be added that about a week after payment the bills were returned from the Bank of England, when it was the duty of a clerk to compare them with the cash-book. One would suppose that something more than a mere comparison as to the amounts of money ought to have been required; but Mr. Justice Charles decides that it was not such negligence on the part of Mr. Vagliano as would excuse the Bank of England in paying the bills that no examination was made as to the endorsements. Success, as usually happens, made Glika careless, and his letters of advice as time went on differed more and more from Vucina's genuine letters. Vucina always dated them both old style and new style, Glika employed only the new style; Vucina's letters were usually long, Glika's were always short. In the end, too, Glika drew for larger amounts than Vucina was in the habit of doing. And, above all, the forged letters never were acknowledged, while the genuine always were. Lastly, the genuine letters referred at the beginning to the last genuine letter, and in nine instances the reference was wrong, because forged letters intervened. In spite of all this, however, Mr. Justice Charles decides that the plaintiff had not been guilty of such negligence as would justify the Bank of England in paying the drafts; and, therefore, he decides against the Bank, ordering it not only to bear the costs, but also to pay interest on the 71,500*l.* at the rate of 4 per cent. If this be right, it is difficult to conceive any course of action that would amount to such negligence as would exonerate the Bank in paying a forged draft. At the same time it is to be borne in mind that there was one weak point in the Bank of England's case. The bills were, in every instance, paid over the counter; this was so suspicious a circumstance that the counter clerks more than once called the attention of the head of the department to the matter; but he did not take such steps as, in the opinion of the Court, he ought to have done. It is true, he swears, on one occasion he communicated on the subject with Mr. Vagliano's outdoor manager; the latter, however, swears positively that the conversation did not take place, and that he knew nothing of the payments over the counter until Glika was arrested.

Before concluding we would refer to the fact that these forgeries were the consequences of reckless and disastrous speculations upon the Stock Exchange by Glika. Surely it ought not to be possible for a clerk in receipt of a salary of barely 180*l.* per annum to speculate on the Stock Exchange on the scale which Glika is represented to have done. On one occasion he had an account open for over 1,000,000*l.* It is the duty of the Stock Exchange Committee to inquire how this was done. All members of the Stock Exchange are subject to the jurisdiction of the Committee and are forbidden to speculate for clerks. If any one member opened these vast amounts for Glika he ought to be visited with exemplary punishment. It is quite possible, of course, perhaps we ought rather to say it is probable, that the speculations were conducted not through a regular member of the Stock Exchange, but through some of those outside agencies which of late years have become so numerous. The Committee, of course, has no jurisdiction over those outside agencies. But the outside agencies can operate only through members of the Stock Exchange, and through the latter the matter might be elucidated. It is true, no doubt, that an order coming to a member of the Stock Exchange from an outside agency accustomed to do a very large business would be a very different thing indeed from an order coming from a clerk with a salary of 180*l.* a year; there would be nothing in the case to excite the suspicion or caution of the broker, and it would, therefore, be hard to punish a member who had no means of discovering the real character of his principal. If, however, it could be proved that these outside agencies are in the habit of opening accounts for clerks with such incomes as Glika had, some means ought to be adopted for subjecting them to a strict control.

GARDEN STATUARY.

WITH the one brilliant exception of the London parks, where a judicious, though by no means extravagant, outlay, coupled with a very considerable amount of good taste, has certainly brought about the most satisfactory results, the art of landscape gardening in this country would appear just now to be in a rather languishing state. Whether it be owing to the caprice of fashion, the craze for "carpet-bedding," the imperative demand for a lawn-tennis ground in the most desirable locality within the immediate precincts of the house, or possibly the urgent necessity for economizing that has caused so many landed proprietors to retrench in every possible direction, it is very rarely that anything approaching to the old style of garden is seen about a modern country house. It is not the fashion nowadays to care about a garden for its own sake. A few brilliant flower-beds, flanked by the inevitable lawn-tennis ground, are sufficient for all practical purposes; and what more can be required? There may, of course, be greater or lesser degrees of magnificence in points of detail; but, the more exalted the position of the owner, the more likely is he to be under the absolute control of his head gardener, than whom, as a rule, it would be difficult to find a domestic tyrant of greater pretentiousness. A swell stud-groom is generally regarded as one of the most trying of those burdens which the rich are called upon to bear with due meekness and resignation; but a swell stud-groom is simply "not in it" with a swell gardener. It is within the bounds of probability that a nominal owner of horses may have some slight acquaintance with the nature and idiosyncrasies of the noble animal, or, at any rate, that his ignorance may not be much more palpable than that of his autocratic menial. But not one gentleman in a thousand is likely to have the smallest practical knowledge of gardening, except in its most rudimentary forms; and the proprietor of acres of glass and forests of orchids will scarcely dare to open his mouth in the presence of the glib impostor whom he is compelled to maintain, at the salary of an archdeacon or a major-general, to swagger about his hot-houses, and use his dog-cart to drive to local horticultural shows. So the gardener flourishes and waxes fat, while the garden is really little more than a figure of speech.

It is probable that the last thing likely to occur to a gentleman about to start a garden on a large scale for the first time in his life would be to invoke the aid of the sculptor. Should he venture to propound such an idea to his confidential advisers, the chances are that he will be told that statues in a garden are vulgar and out of date, and that he would be lowering himself to the level of the proprietor of a suburban tea-garden. There is, doubtless, some foundation for such a theory, and it is true that garden statuary is now, for the most part, associated with such places as Rosherville and other semi-rural haunts resorted to by "Arry" and "Arriet." But it is merely the abuse of what once was, and still remains, a legitimate combination of nature and art that has brought it into disrepute. The retired tradesman who, with the assistance of the local builder, fashions a heap of rubbish in his back garden into what he is pleased to call "rock-work," flanked by a couple of hideous plaster-casts of heathen deities, which will probably begin to fall to pieces with the first rains of autumn, is only showing an indication, in his own untutored fashion, of a yearning after the beautiful; and his efforts in this direction deserve encouragement rather than ridicule. And many a "tea-garden," with a monstrosity of this kind at every corner, and, in its existing state, perfectly revolting in its vulgarity, might with a little good taste be transformed into something really pleasing and artistic. For, where the thing is really well done, it is impossible to deny that the introduction of a statue or well-designed piece of masonry, in the proper place, will produce an effect that no other combination can afford. Good stonework in a garden has this exceptional attribute, that it is in season, so to speak, all the year round. Whether backed by the brilliant hues and vivid greens of summer flowers and summer foliage, the mellow colouring of autumn, or the soft, indescribable tints of winter and early spring, it is never out of place, and never fails to give a finish to the picture that will be recognized by anyone with the slightest claim to a taste for the harmonious. It is, indeed, only necessary to call to mind any of the best-known examples of landscape-gardening to realize the importance that was evidently attached to statuary by the great professors of the art at its most flourishing period. Versailles, St. Cloud, Fontainebleau, and, indeed, any other celebrated gardens that could be mentioned, would, without their statuary, be deprived of some of their most striking characteristics. But to bring about an effective combination of statuary or masonry with foliage or flowers a very considerable amount of taste and some artistic knowledge are imperatively necessary; and it is the want of these qualifications that so often produces a failure. The most common mistake is to overdo the thing, and, by injudicious crowding, to create the impression that a sculptor's gallery has been turned out into the garden for an airing. The main object or *raison d'être* of garden statuary is thereby defeated, and a grotesque instead of an artistic effect is produced. This state of things may be seen in almost any public garden where anything in the nature of statuary has been attempted, and where whole battalions of ancient deities or modern celebrities are either drawn up in line along terraces or grouped together in corners in such a manner as to entirely do away with the effect that might be produced if each one of them were viewed singly. A statue, like a picture,

is at all times seen at its best alone, and this may be even more strongly insisted upon when it forms, as it were, part of a landscape. The less obtrusive and self-asserting it is the better; and, so far from immediately catching the eye, it should be so situated as to be only discovered by degrees. Everything about it must be in harmony; and as much "composition" is required in the surroundings as in any painting. There must be the proper gradations of colouring and shade; the approaches must be carefully worked out, so as to lead gently up to the central point; and the character and attributes of the lady or gentleman "carved in stone" must be duly borne in mind, so that there may be no element of incongruity, or discord, to mar the general effect. A figure of Demosthenes, for instance, or a gigantic head of Minerva, either of which might be extremely appropriate in the hall of a public building or a niche in a library, would obviously be utterly out of place in a thicket of evergreens or a bed of scarlet geraniums. For this purpose what may be called outdoor subjects should of course be selected, and there should be no difficulty in finding suitable characters for almost any locality that it may be desired to embellish in this fashion. To say nothing of Dianas, Actæons, Mercuries, and other first-class divinities, there are endless models of fauns, satyrs, tritons, and other fabulous beings that are all eminently suited for the purpose. The accessories of the picture should next be carefully studied; and here is endless scope for the display of artistic skill and taste. It is not every corner of a garden that lends itself to this particular combination; and various sites will probably have to be considered and rejected before a really suitable one is finally decided upon. It may be in some sunny spot where the gardener knows he can concentrate the most brilliant of his bedded-out plants with a reasonable prospect of lasting well into the autumn, and where a blaze of colour will be well relieved by the cool tones of an old-fashioned sundial, carved, as will often be the case, with grotesque mythological or allegorical devices. Or it may be at the wind-swept angle of a terrace, where an appropriate figure, standing out against an evening sky, will have a striking, but not necessarily obtrusive, effect. But the most suitable locality of all will be some leafy nook in the recesses of a shrubbery or plantation, where, through the interlacing branches above, the fitful rays of sunshine now gleam on the mossy trunk of some old forest tree, and now light up with a warmer tone the deep shadows of the evergreens. Here, indeed, will be an appropriate site for a graceful wood-nymph or winged Mercury; and here, with a background of nature's handiwork, and with perhaps a still pool of water to cast back a glancing reflection from a break in its carpeting of leaves, our garden statue will be a thing of beauty instead of an object of derision. Time and damp may subdue the freshness of the marble limbs, or stain the granite pedestal with moss and lichen, but as long as the design and execution are really good, the mellowing influence of years only brings art into greater harmony with nature, and adds an increasing softness to the picture that it may have lacked at first. And it is round a picture of this sort that associations may cling which neither time nor distance will efface, and which will linger in the memory when others have been long forgotten.

GLUCK'S *IPHIGENIA IN TAURIS* AT LIVERPOOL.

SIR CHARLES HALLÉ gave Gluck's *Iphigenia in Tauris* last Tuesday night at the hall of the Liverpool Philharmonic Society. The concert was well enough attended to encourage a repetition of the experiment in London, with this or any other of the celebrated five operas in which Gluck re-established and renovated the traditions of Lulli and Rameau. For some time, however, we have regarded a revival of this music as a lost cause in London, and yet it is one that should not lack the support of a powerful alliance. Richard Wagner admitted Gluck's theory, and even arranged and performed his scores. And the most rabid Wagnerites, ashamed to place their master entirely alone, vouchsafe a patronizing smile to the memory of his forerunner. Critics, who think and say that there existed no complete and artistic fusion of music and the drama between the times of Wagner and the Greeks, confess that Gluck laboured, if childishly, at least in the right direction and not altogether in vain. Some Wagnerites, indeed, have been kind enough to recommend Gluck's operas as a kind of Wagner primer to be passed as a little-go before the hearer receives the honours of the Nibelungen Trilogy. This reminds one of the scientific person who almost thought that the study of so inaccurate a thinker as Shakspeare might be useful in enlarging one's vocabulary. But we must be thankful for what we can get. Though we like Gluck for himself, and because he expresses, as no one else can, a certain elevation of feeling, we must be content to accept *Iphigenia* and *Alceste* as poor relations of *Isolde*, since we can entertain them on no other terms.

Enjoyable as *Iphigenia* was, it suffered on Tuesday from being played at a concert. Gluck's works are eminently suited for the stage; their art and their inspiration are only overwhelming by their application to dramatic effect. To bring his operas into competition with the oratorio is to emphasize their weaknesses, to contrast their simplicity with the rich picturesque variety of modern orchestration and the elaborate science of great choruses.

Gluck differs from Wagner in that he did not write a symphony with an explanatory comment in the voice. With him the actor, the personage in the drama, is never belittled by the storm of picturesque surroundings. The accent of vocal declamation was his chief means; nor was he only anxious to be natural or passionate. A fishwife tearing her hair in a tempest of grief and rage may be both, and yet not tragic. We can conceive of other emotions than the abandonment of passion. We can figure heroes and great people, firm like rocks in the midst of emotion. They feel it; they express it; but, through all, they mainly manifest the fibre of dignity and fortitude. Gluck's grand conceptions, and his perfect alliance of music to the declamatory accent of words, would be amply evident with a piano and a great artist in full sympathy with the composer. Flaubert, a confirmed realist, when he heard Mme. Viardot sing *Iphigénie in Aulis*, at her own house, declared that he never before knew that such lofty emotions existed, or anything so imbued with the spirit of the antique.

Perhaps before putting these operas on the stage we may require tuning to the tragic pitch. At a revival of *Iphigenia in Tauris*, some ten or twelve years ago, the gallery found it irresistibly comic to see the chorus of Furies in nightgowns, wriggling toy-serpents of cardboard at Orestes. Probably for some reason of the sort the last production of *Iphigenia* on the English stage was a complete failure, even under so accomplished a conductor as Berlioz. Performances such as that of Tuesday night at Liverpool deserve then every encouragement, though it cannot be denied that the ordinary concert surroundings led to a somewhat sentimental rendering, lacking in fire, stateliness, and dramatic realization. As *Iphigenia* Mme. Albani was scarcely in her element, and, good singer as she is, she failed to bring out the fine shades of feeling in her part. She leant to a too languishing view of most of her airs; as, for instance, "O toi qui prolonges mes jours"; and in the grand outbursts "O malheureuse" and "Je t'implore" her low notes were sadly deficient in fire and energy. In recitative she was not varied in expression, firm in declamation, or clear in her enunciation of words. Mr. Edward Lloyd, as usual, sang to perfection as far as technique goes, but we were not always satisfied with his rendering of the part of Pylades. Neither the music nor the words of "Quoi? tu ne me réponds que par de longs sanglots. Que peut la mort sur l'âme des héros? Ne suis-je plus Pylade? Et n'es-tu plus Oreste?" leave a doubt but that they should be read as an *élan* of pride and courage. Phrases of the air "Unis dès la plus tendre enfance" should also have been lifted to a more heroic pitch; but we confess that Mr. Lloyd's exquisitely soft warbling of the number was a great pleasure, though out of place. Mr. Henschel entered much more thoroughly into the dramatic idea of his part (Orestes), and his performance of such difficult music as "Dieux, qui me poursuivez," in spite of a slight roughness of method, was as full of fire as could be wished. Mr. Oswald sang the gloomy airs of Thoas with care and some feeling; while Mme. Andersen and Mr. Grime did what little fell to their lot in the right spirit. We cannot pass over Mme. Haworth, who contrived in the insignificant parts of Diana and the First Priestess to show herself gifted with fine feeling for elevated recitative. Aware of the real capabilities of expression in Gluck's music, she showed no inclination to bleat like a singer of sentimental ballads. It is needless to say that Sir Charles Hallé conducted with excellent judgment throughout. There is no doubt, however, that the opera would have been the better for more rehearsal. Its difficulties are not technical, so much as matters of feeling and judgment, and its style is unfamiliar in the present day. In places the chorus lacked firmness and fire, and at times the accompaniments might have been shaded with more delicacy.

JUDICIUM DEI.

IN a leading Belgian paper curious prominence was given a short while ago to an article on duelling, emanating from "a specialist of the highest authority" in such matters; no less a person, in fact, than the president of one of the most brilliant swordsmen's clubs on the Continent. The subject was, no doubt, an *actualité*, as a fair number of so-called affairs of honour had recently ended somewhat tragically. The gist of the "consultation," as the authoritative essay was called, is that duelling is a necessary evil in a civilized community, and that, whilst morality demands that personal vindication should be stringently restricted to the very gravest offences, the dictates of honour require a duel to be invariably fought in an absolutely uncompromising manner. Were such an understanding universally come to, the number of appeals to arms with any claim to being really "affairs of honour" would, the arbiter thinks, be reduced to the "minimum unavoidable."

If it were indispensable that such encounters should end in some serious misfortune—death or grievous wounding on one or both sides, or, in the case of an unscathed survivor, endless and trammelling worries—the deathblow would be given to the demoralizing custom of mock-ferocious meetings and "touchwood cases" for the satisfaction of hyperæsthetic susceptibilities. To further this consummation it would even be almost sufficient, adds the "specialist," to make it an absolute rule that not only the cause of a duel must be kept secret, but also the detail of the

meeting, and especially the names of the litigants in the court of arms. In fact, the possibility of keeping secret between the principals and their seconds the delicate topics of an honourable difference is claimed as the only argument in favour of the *champ-clos*; but it is held to be a very strong one, "the sole alternative, indeed, to the open scandals of lawsuits of which England, for instance, the only non-duelling country, is constantly the scene." If we could admit, as it is still the fashion to do on the Continent, that a willingness to submit to the test of steel or the chance of fire is really equivalent to a fair satisfaction, the article in question might be held to be as pithy as it is emphatic; it very nearly threshes out the subject. One step further in the analysis, however—namely, a critical consideration of the notions underlying the alleged "necessity" for duelling—would be tantamount to the *reductio ad absurdum* sufficient and necessary to explode a proposition. But the writer stopped short of that step.

Morals and religion alike have been so long and so completely opposed to the accepted tenets of the *point d'honneur* that it would be difficult to convince the "gallant man," anxious to stake his life and to take that of his neighbour in vindication of his claim to that nebulous and elastic distinction, that the modern duel is but a slightly modified form of the mediæval contest "under the judgment of God"; in fact, that its alleged "necessity," under pain of forfeiting honour, is, after all, nothing more than one of the many hard-dying superstitions handed down to us from mediæval days.

The middle ages favoured the theory that difficulties which could not conveniently be decided on their merits by a human tribunal must be decided by an appeal to Divine interposition; consequently it was held that any person who was not ready and willing to prove the justness of his appeal "with his body" was not worthy of redress. In a community actuated by such belief the wager of battle, the "*singularis pugna inter duos, ad probandum veritatem litis, et qui vicit probasse intelligitur*," as it is defined in Fleta, was a logically acceptable institution. But the absurdity of the modern duel, with reference to its tyrannical influence over men the least pugnacious by nature, is detected on the simple consideration that it would be almost impossible to discover a single individual among those who are still ready to seek and offer satisfaction "with their body" really impressed with the old belief that a just cause cannot be defeated—with the idea, in fact, which originated the barbarous custom. The progress of rationalism has killed the belief, but the custom has retained life under slightly modified, but equally unwarrantable, pleas. And in these sceptical days the moral effect of the duel on social manners has remained the same. To a great extent a man can still vindicate his actions, however intrinsically dishonourable, by wager of battle; and popular prejudice still declares him who has been grossly outraged to have lost his honour—in other words, the whole value of his life—if he be not ready to allow the traditional privilege to his offender. The only concession, an illogical one under the circumstances, which modern society thinks fit to make in the matter is to indemnify the offended party, if defeated after all, from loss of honour. Mediævalism took a more consistent view of the question when it erected gallows near the place of combat, on which the worsted champion was forthwith suspended, to set all doubts at rest concerning the merits of his cause.

The homily on the duel delivered by one who is apparently accepted as a competent authority, resuming as it does all that can be said in its favour—albeit on what we consider now fallacious premisses—is interesting to those among us who care to investigate the historical nature of modern superstitions and prejudices. It flouts the "desecration" of such a grave appeal by frivolous quarrels, and thus shows that the "*duellum, quasi duorum bellum*," as the barbarous Latin scribes explained it, has remained to this day, if critically considered and shorn of its connexion with the totally adventitious question of "*pundonor*," the alternative to an impossible or undesirable trial. It shows, in fact, that the modern social prejudice against men who are not willing to submit to the personal test is the direct outcome of the mediæval infatuation concerning the final "*judgment of God*."

To most people, perhaps, such an assertion might seem too self-evident to require historical proof. Others, however, might feel inclined to see in such critical investigation an instance of the habit, supposed to be the great foible of antiquarians, of seeking to give modern customs a much more intricate genealogy than is necessary. Man, it might truly be pointed out, is a fighting animal, and high-spirited men are naturally inclined to settle their personal grievances by a fair fight; it has always been so as far back as history can reveal the habits of mankind; no one could doubt that it was so in prehistoric times, and it is so in all modern communities where public institutions are not powerful enough to keep that natural tendency in abeyance.

But for this seemingly plausible view to be correct, both on ethical and historical grounds, it would be necessary that no difference should be perceptible between the formal "*duel*," whose laws affect not only the quarrelsome but the most pacific among men "*of honour*," and the "*rencontre*" where heat of blood, rage, indignation, or revengefulness, obscure all reason and morality.

Among us the old belief that a man's honour is bound up in a constant readiness to maintain "*with his body*" and against all

comers whatever position he has assumed has gone the way of similar quondam acceptable theories; the "*moral necessity*" for religious persecution, for instance, the belief in witchcraft, the legal value of torture evidence, the "*mercantile theory*," and so forth.

One thing is obvious with reference to the "*point of honour*"—namely, that nothing but uninterrupted historical associations could make a conception so immoral as well as illogical play such an important part in the ethics of civilized nations. The instinct which impels men to fight in support of supposed rights, or to avenge supposed wrongs, belongs, of course, to mankind at large; but it is an incontrovertible historical fact that only among Northern nations was this instinct allowed to display itself as a lawful custom. By the end of the sixth century the judicial duel was introduced in Italy, and from that time the institution found its way to every land overrun by the Northern invaders. Whether it existed in England under any very definite form before the Conquest is not a clearly established point; but with the Normans the wager of battle was a mode of procedure clearly regulated, applicable to courts of chivalry and to appeals of felony, also to some civil cases upon issue joined in a writ of right. The details of procedure varied in different countries, but the principle implied in this kind of ordeal was everywhere the same, and its influence on men's notions of the specific qualities of honour remained all-powerful even long after the judicial character of duels had fallen in abeyance.

In *L'Esprit des Lois*, Montesquieu tersely analyses the growth of that quarrelsome punctiliousness which was so long considered an indispensable factor of gentlemanly bearing. After investigating the principle on which was based the wager of battle, "*already*," says the commentator, "*do I perceive the first appearance and growth of the peculiar articles of our point d'honneur*." The accuser began, he explains, by declaring that some person had committed some particular action; the latter contended that the assertion was a lie; thereupon the judges ordered the duel. Thus the principle became established that he who had received the lie was bound to fight; furthermore that, with the possibility of such an appeal, no one could refuse to fight without undergoing some degrading penalty—death, or forfeiture. In a feudal society it was but natural that such a conception as that of the moral necessity of personally vindicating an assertion or disproving a lie should take firm roots, not only among a warlike nobility, but among all claimants to gentle or military status. With the growth of such theories concerning the requirements of social intercourse, it was almost inevitable that, even in the private life of the upper classes, jealous above all things of personal consideration, every incident which could be constructed into a lie should lead to an appeal to arms.

It is reckoned that this notion has cost civilized nations, in Europe alone, something like one hundred thousand lives. In the course of two centuries, from the middle of the sixteenth, France alone lost upwards of forty thousand gentlemen, who had to give up their lives in support of private quarrels, most of them resting on futile grounds. In the heyday of the duelling mania social worth was computed very much in the same manner as among the Goths and Vandals, among African savages or North American Indians. "There is not any Frenchman," wrote Lord Herbert, the English Ambassador to the King of France, in the early part of the seventeenth century, "*deemed worth looking at who has not slain his man!*"

The natural evolution of the duel, which, starting from a legal makeshift in semi-civilized society, has come down to us disguised as an aristocratic obligation, is well borne out by the rapid development of the mania for private fighting which is observable at the time when not only the public ordeals in military courts, but also the jousts and tournaments—another outlet for the display of personal gallantry—went out of fashion. This change of manners took place about the middle of the sixteenth century. The celebrated duel between Jarnac and La Chastaignerie in the presence of Henri II. and his Court, which ended so disastrously for the King's favourite, on the one hand, and the fatal joust in which that monarch himself lost his life, on the other, were almost the last seen of such displays. Ingenuity in the discovery of quarrelsome pretexts necessitating effusion of blood became an accomplishment which no gallant could sufficiently cultivate. The pretexts chosen for the most sanguinary encounters were often no more warrantable than some of those which, according to Mercutio, moved Benvolio "*to be moody, and as soon moody to be moved*."

It cannot be too much insisted on that it is with reference to those factors of honour, so subtle as to escape rational definition, that the duel proper by formal challenge differs so much, ethically and historically, from mere personal encounters in hot blood or in revenge. The duel in matters of honour is neither more nor less than the lineal descendant of the contest under the judgment of God. If it be really fought with intent to stake one life against another, it is nowadays either blasphemous or senseless; if it be fought as a mere display of conventional pluck and personal skill, the same may be said of it as of the joust or mock duel, at the time when knightly shows fell into desuetude, that "*it is too much for play, too little for earnest*." As a vindication of bodily valour, hard athletic pursuits are the natural successors to semi-civilized customs which involve the gambling away of human life. That this is true further than in mere theory, even with reference to such bodily accomplishments as

appertain only to the art of fighting, is shown by the fact that the most notably expert swordsmen or shots are generally known to be the least prone to quarrelsomeness.

It is therefore to be hoped that the "Specialist's" opinion, delivered *ex cathedra*, so to speak, with reference to the denial of all sops to the personal vanity of would-be duellists by the strict enforcement of secrecy in all affairs of honour, will gradually find acceptance on the Continent. When this point has been secured, it will no doubt be further discovered that the institution of the duel, generally, is a far less deterrent to dishonourable behaviour than the fierce light which can be poured in open court over private actions, and that all the advantages alleged to belong to an illegal custom are, after all, nugatory.

A NEW EXPLOSIVE.

A DISTINCT advance has been made in the invention of new explosives in recent years, and there can be no doubt that dynamite, which has so long held the field as a high explosive, is being seriously threatened by competitors. The ideal of a high explosive—that of combining absolute safety with great energy—has been the aim of all inventors, but until lately success in this direction has only been partial. In most instances the explosive has represented the required energy, but has failed to comply with the Home Office regulations as regards the standard of safety.

The direction in which the more successful inventors have laboured was indicated by Dr. Sprengel, F.R.S., in his investigations recorded in *A New Class of Explosives*, a pamphlet published some fifteen years ago. Of these "bellite," the invention of M. Lamm of Stockholm, is one of the first practical outcomes, and judging from the very severe tests to which it was subjected last week, both as regards safety and power, it would appear to approach nearer to the ideal than any of its predecessors.

Its safety was, indeed, amply demonstrated in the experiments made last week at Middlesbrough under the direction of Mr. Napier Hake. Some cartridges containing bellite were, for example, placed on an iron plate and subjected to the sudden descent of a block of iron weighing over half a ton from a height of twenty feet, with the result that the cartridges were only crushed into a hard mass. But when the crushed cartridges were afterwards detonated by means of a fulminate, immense energy was developed. Again, when placed in the fire of a smith's forge it simply volatilized. Its safety was also demonstrated in a remarkable manner by exploding a 3-oz. cartridge on the lid of a case of bellite, the effect being to simply pulverize the wooden case, and scatter the contents. A large number of experiments were also made by way of comparing its power with dynamite, with the view to showing the injury which equal weights of each would inflict on steel rails and iron plates. In these it was clearly shown that, when confined, the energy developed on detonation was equal to that of dynamite; but that, when unconfined, bellite apparently did less work. This can be accounted for by the fact that bellite is much slower in developing its full energy than dynamite, and therefore less local in its action. Some practical tests made in the blasting of coal and in the Cleveland iron mines were of a highly satisfactory nature, both as regards economy and adaptability; for they clearly proved that bellite was capable of doing the work of three to four times its own weight of gunpowder, and without the objectionable result of producing those noxious fumes so characteristic of dynamite and gunpowder.

FARMERS.

THE common idea that at the present moment a farmer is a man who has almost exhausted a capital which was never large enough for his undertakings is unfortunately but too true in many instances. The marvel is that the "last legs" upon which for two or three years we have been told that the farmers stood should have upheld them so long. Indeed, many people who are supposed to rest on much firmer supports may be almost tempted to regard these last legs of the farmer with envy. Great surprise has been expressed at the number of bankrupt farmers. We are not sure that it is not a matter for greater surprise that there should have been so few. When any trade becomes bad, there must be some failures among those who follow it. When the cotton trade suffered, mills were stopped. When iron, copper, and lead fell in value, we heard of furnaces being put out in all directions, and of mines being shut down both in Europe and America. Who, then, should wonder when, in a time of very exceptional agricultural depression, a certain proportion of farmers fail?

The question is often asked, "Why does anybody farm, when it is such an unremunerative business?" The usual answer is that those who have sunk all their capital in that business, and understand no other, cannot well do anything else. Undoubtedly there are men, farming at present at an actual loss, who are holding on in hopes of better times. There are also agriculturists with small

capitals, but neither the inclination nor the skill necessary for other occupations. We will suppose the case of a man with 2,000*l.* The mere interest at 4 per cent. would be only 80*l.*, which would give him very little more than thirty shillings a week, with which to pay house-rent, and support himself and his family. A farmer, however, with a capital of 2,000*l.*, gets, to begin with, a very much better house than a mere householder with only 80*l.* a year could afford to take. Then the farmer's milk scarcely costs him anything, his butter very little, his bacon not much, his vegetables nothing but some labour, and he can have animal food at an exceedingly low rate. Besides all this, he can have a horse and spring-cart in which to drive his wife and children to the nearest town. Best of all, he has a nice healthy occupation, and his position is one of considerable respectability. If any of his children want occupation, there it is at hand for them. When all these advantages are taken into consideration it is evident that it may be worth such a man's while to farm, even if he is farming at a loss, in the commercial sense of the word, so long as the loss be one of interest only, and not of capital. Although his account-books may not show a profit of more than 1 per cent. on his capital, or 2*l.*, yet he, and perhaps his large family, may have lived far more comfortably and even luxuriously than they would have done on the 80*l.*, or 4 per cent., which he might have obtained by investing his capital in railways. It may be replied that if he had gone into trade with the same capital, he might have done much better. Obviously; but we are assuming that farming is a pleasure to him and that trade would be a pain.

There are people who are fond of talking of the fox-hunting farmer, who has a drawing-room, and a daughter that plays the piano. How, they ask, can such a man expect to make his farm pay? Very easily, we think, in many cases. He may be a man with a larger capital than is required for his farm, a capital which would, if invested, produce three or four hundred a year. Part of it may be used for his farm, and the other part put into stocks. Such a house as he lives in, with the garden and a couple of paddocks, might command a rent of from 80*l.* to 100*l.* a year, if it were not a farm. Then the keep of his hunter comes to about half what it would cost him under other circumstances, as he gets hay and corn for very little, while his stable straw passes on to the pigsties, and afterwards yields him a rich return as manure; and the man who looks after his horse does a good deal of other work in the farmyard, and perhaps even on the land. Provided he buys young hunters, and is always prepared to sell them at a price, he will every now and then be able to make a considerable profit: for there are plenty of people who labour under the delusion that a horse purchased from a farmer must necessarily be sounder, fresher, and a better bargain than one bought from any one else. If he buys a promising three-year-old, he has nice buildings to put him in, and he can keep him for a year in the rough at a very small outlay. If he were not a farmer, he would scarcely care to ride a young ungroomed horse, with a rough coat and a long tail, about the roads, and, if he did, both he and his colt would be looked upon with suspicion; whereas now they will become objects of interest to every hunting and horsey man in the neighbourhood, and, if it is tolerably good-looking, people desirous of "picking up" the young horse will not long be wanting. How could a man with a wife and a family and only three or four hundred a year dream of hunting at all, or of living at a pretty little house in the country, with a nice garden, and on the best of milk, butter, eggs, mutton, and pork, (to say nothing of the daughter with the piano), if he were not a farmer? It may be worth such a man's while, under certain circumstances, to farm at a loss even beyond that of interest, if part of his capital is otherwise invested. It is under some such conditions as these that it often suits younger sons of country gentlemen to take farms and use them as homes for their wives and families. On large estates, belonging to men who have made their fortunes in business, the new farmhouses are generally models of comfort in a small compass. A thoroughly good old farmhouse is nicer still, in the opinion of many. Very often it has been a hall, manor-house, or grange in former times, in which cases its half-timbered gables without and its panelled rooms and oak staircase within may render it far more attractive, to a man of taste, than the gaudy mansion of the landlord. Even the ugly red-brick farmhouses built a hundred years ago are frequently warm, comfortable, and roomy dwellings.

When it is said that farming does not pay, the speakers are apt to forget that, from the most commercial point of view, land may make a good return to certain tenants when it would be a dead loss to others. A number of tenant-farmers in England are engaged in some other business as well. For instance, it is probable that the majority rather than the minority of country butchers hold land, and it is certain that some rent fair-sized farms. The increased profit made by a farmer on turning his own sheep and cattle into mutton and beef are enormous, as he thereby becomes both producer and middleman; and the advantages to a butcher of having land on which he can place a cheaply-bought but scarcely fat lot to "finish off," enable him to make far larger gains than those of his non-farming *confrères*. Millers almost always hold farms, and have not a few opportunities of making them answer; the small country brewer, too, finds his "grains" very profitable if he has plenty of pigs and cows to eat them. Corn-dealers, again, not only act as their own middlemen for their wheat, oats, and barley, but become their own customers for surplus lots of

cheaply purchased grain suited for cattle-feeding. They not uncommonly deal also in oil-cake, and here again they are able to supply their farms at wholesale prices. Maltsters who hold farms get an extra profit by growing a certain proportion of their own barley, and, like corndealers, they often trade in cattle-cake, as well as in artificial manures, thus obtaining those commodities at low prices for their farms. A country innkeeper almost invariably holds a farm, as he well may, since it enables him to pocket the profits of producer, middleman, and retailer. He finds land useful, too, for turning out post-horses when they want a rest, or during a slack season of the year. The times must be very bad indeed if he cannot make money out of his farm. Probably few, if any, tenants of land make more out of it than cattle-jobbers. They, to use a commercial phrase, are constantly turning over their money, and their anxiety to take land is a pretty good proof of the profits that they can make by it. The excellent trade of the milkman we shall not notice here, because the dairy is, or ought to be, considered a branch of ordinary farming.

When economists wonder how it is that anybody can care to go on farming, they ought further to consider the great reduction that has been made of late in rents. It is true that, taken as a whole, prices have fallen still more in proportion. On the other hand, modern implements save much in the cost of labour, and artificial foods have become cheaper. Then there are optimists of no little knowledge and experience who believe that we have got to the lowest point of the agricultural depression, and that the foreign competition in our meat markets is more likely to decrease than to increase; nor can there be any question that, if trade were to revive, the demand of the artisan, who, when he is thriving, insists upon having the very best "cuts" of the very best beef and mutton, would send up the price of meat.

Be their faults what they may, it would in many ways be a matter for regret if the existing race of farmers were to be ruined and their places supplied by agriculturists of a different, although perhaps more businesslike stamp. Some people may be unaware of the good blood that flows in the veins of much of the old yeoman stock. Those who care to take the trouble may find that a substantial minority of farmers are descendants of old and highly honoured families. Their names alone would betoken this, and if the matter be gone into it will be found that, in a large number of cases, those names do not belie their origin.

The history of many farmer's families is much as follows. First, there was a great magnate, and his line was perpetuated by his eldest son. Of his younger children, some probably did well and some did badly; and in a generation or two some of the descendants of the latter became small squireens. In times when no gentleman condescended to trade, the younger sons of these small squireens became still smaller landholders, generally farming their little patrimonies themselves. In spite of the English system of primogeniture, estates became more and more subdivided; and their occupiers, who could not afford to travel, in not a few instances made marriages among people of a lower rank in life; thus their social descent began, a descent which was for a considerable period greatly accelerated by the then prevailing custom of hard drinking. As these petty landlords became more and more impoverished, and sank lower and lower in the social scale, they began to sell their estates, often on excellent terms, to their more thrifty neighbours, to Court favourites, or to successful merchants, bankers, and manufacturers. Foreclosed mortgages formed another channel through which many small estates passed out of the hands of the struggling squireens. Although no longer holding their title-deeds, the latter still clung to the country, and found that they could exist better as tenants than as landlords. As tenant-farmers they intermarried more and more with tradespeople and yeomen. Nevertheless, many of them are descended from far older families than their landlords. We fully admit that these well-descended farmers are in a minority, and that their blue blood is much diluted, but they exist, especially in certain counties, in a larger proportion than is generally supposed, and some might be found where least expected. While they give themselves no airs, they have a certain pride in the consciousness that they come of a fine old race, dim as their notions usually are of their own pedigrees. That they may long continue to occupy their present holdings should be the earnest desire of every well-wisher to British agriculture, for they love the soil, and will stick to it when men with strictly commercial minds would forsake it for more profitable occupations.

FAUST UP TO DATE.

THE latest burlesque of *Faust*, written by Messrs Sims and Pettitt for the Gaiety, is carried out both by authors and actors with so much skill and spirit that its production marks a new era in the history of such plays. Rarely, if ever, does an imitation of a style of entertainment popular at a former period prove successful. These authors, however, have contrived, as some modern burlesque writers have failed to do, to borrow from their predecessors of—say—thirty years ago a sufficient portion of their method without servilely following them altogether, and by this means have successfully founded a bright, healthy, and fairly new school of burlesque. The book is well written and well arranged. The piece begins, continues, and finishes merrily as a burlesque should. It is full of pleasantly cynical humour, as well as of fun

of a simple and more obvious nature, which mingles effectively with dances and songs, droll or sweet as the case may be. Miss Florence St. John plays Marguerite with all the enchantment of a few years ago, when she first delighted us in *Madame Favart* with her sparkling acting and fresh, crisp singing. Her beautiful voice was weakened by illness on the first night, but it has since regained its power, and her acting of the part leaves nothing to be desired. She is the ideal Margaret of this burlesque in appearance and manners, with occasional glimpses of the *gamine*, conceived and delivered with true humour. Mr. Lonnen is not quite at his best as Mephistopheles; he works hard, but without much result. In fact, his performance is a little commonplace. Mr. Stone's Valentine is, next to the Margaret, the success of the play, and has true drollery. Mr. Parker does some good work as old Faust. Miss Fanny Robina has to undertake the unenviable responsibility of challenging comparison with the ever-young queen of burlesque, Miss Nellie Farren, but she acquits herself admirably. Miss Maria Jones is a buxom Martha, and Miss Jennie McNulty as Siebel and Miss Emma Broughton as Wagner were agreeable and pretty; and the chorus and crowds are particularly good, animated, well-drilled, and always in picturesque confusion.

THE INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN OILS.

THERE are some very good names in the Catalogue, and in the rooms there are a few pictures; but for the most part this is an exhibition either of unfinished sketches by artists who can do better or else of ambitious failures by beginners. We may endeavour to pick out the best works. In the first room are two portraits by Mr. Shannon (10, 53), which show this rising artist at his best and worst. "Mrs. White" is superlatively good, delicate in tone and "values," and lifelike in vivacity and expression. "Rose Pink" has a feverish, unwholesome blush on one cheek, a black eye, or something very like it, and a want of completeness in the drapery, which looks as if the artist can only work within very narrow limits. Mr. Melton Fisher is still more disappointing. To say that No. 18 is ghastly is to let it off with very mild criticism. It hangs as a pendant to Mr. Shannon's No. 10, which completely kills it. Mr. Walter Horsley's "Hide and Seek in Cairo" (77) is the best thing of its kind in this room, but too small to be very important. Mr. Bach's "Arab Juggler" (62) is an attempt to use oils as water-colours. Mr. Adrian Stokes has not fulfilled his early promise in the "Cornish Towns" (86), a very empty canvas. There is good atmospheric effect in "Trawlers landing Nets" (105), by Mr. Kenneth Mackenzie, but the landscape is not very interesting. "Mrs. Ernest Löwy" (116), by Mr. Solomon, is nearly as good as Mr. Shannon's No. 10, and very much better than "Rose Pink"; otherwise, there is a kind of family resemblance between them. "Ripe for the Sickle" (120), by Mr. C. E. Johnson, shows carelessness or falling off, and is painfully crude in harmony. Mr. Allen contributes a pretty little evening landscape (126), as does Mr. Haité (133), but the latter work is too blue. Two portraits by Mr. Hubert Vos make the end wall frightful, and there is nothing in "the place of honour" to carry them off, if we except a fiery sketch by Mr. Reid. Mr. Fantin sends some allegorical subjects which, without his name, would be overlooked. Mr. Pyne paints a very glowing sunset (167). Mr. Wirgman's portrait of a lady (179) is very unlike anything we have seen of his before, being small, well finished, and delicate in colour, the hands alone being unsatisfactory. Mr. Lucas, in "The King's Champion" (189), makes a study of armour, which does not reach the dignity of a picture, and will do nothing to increase his reputation.

The Central Gallery contains the best work in the exhibition, which is not saying much. The President's portrait group (250) produces an odd effect, both in colour, which is red-hot, and in design; for, at first sight, the unhappy girl in the foreground "has no visible means of support." Mr. T. Collier's very rough sketch, "At the Source of the Lledr" (247), is very disappointing. "Awaiting Sentence" (265) is a rather funny and decidedly well-worked-out scene, in which a young apple-stealer figures largely. Mr. Herman Herkomer's "Sketch" (277), an old man's head, is finely finished and full of light; but the same artist has attempted more than he can do in the inharmonious "Studio" (563) in the third room. Mr. Whitworth has studied reflections to good purpose in his "Mount's Bay" (297). Mr. F. D. Millett does not improve; the girl in his "Tender Chord" (298) might as well have been made handsome. The delicate whites and greys of his earlier work are becoming black and muddy. By the way, we note a funny misprint in the Catalogue. "A Tender Chord" is converted into "A Thunder Cloud," and, at first sight, is not an inapt description of a half-lighted picture. Near it hangs a little group, taken bodily—and not improved—from a Cairene photograph. Mr. Helcké exhibits two fine studies of atmosphere (321, 330), and Mr. F. Morgan one of a very pretty child (313). "Corked," by Mr. Dendy Sadler, is a kind of fashion picture, a little hard and dry, but not without good qualities and completeness. Three young ladies on a seat by the seaside, reading "Vols. I, II., and III." (357) of the same novel, make up a picture which is carelessly composed and empty in parts, though the figures are expressive and pretty. This picture is by Mr. J. C. Dollman, who could have made it ever so much

better by taking a little thought. Mr. White shows us an elderly couple in a warm bow-window looking out on a sunny garden, in which a young woman is seen weeding (360). The motto, which talks of the roar of the great Babel, has a very remote connexion with the subject. Mr. Alma Tadema was ill advised in exhibiting No. 367, which is a mere studio sketch, and not good "at that." This is one of the examples of which we have already spoken of the connexion of good names and poor work so very apparent in this Gallery. Mr. Fulleylove in his "Proscenium Columns at Arles" (363) maintains his old place; and Mr. Dillon's "Hypæthral Temple, Philæ" (383), which represents the building the Arabs call "farsh al Faroun," or Pharaoh's Bed, is full of warm glowing sunshine, with a characteristic pink background. The last picture we need notice in this room is Mr. Napier Hemy's "Trawler's Return" (411), which is in his usual sea-manner.

The East Gallery contains many of the worst of the paintings in the exhibition, which brings out in the stronger contrast the merits of the few that it is possible to praise. Mr. Collier's portrait of "Mrs. Alfred Eckersley" (443) is a very powerful and characteristic picture, painted with knowledge and minute finish. Mr. A. S. Coke, in his "Hagar" (448), has contrived to catch something of the dazzling effect of Oriental sunshine in a very daring, but not wholly successful, picture. Beneath it is a piece of disagreeably uncompromising portraiture, "Tootsie" (449), by Mr. Dudley Heath. It is to be hoped that Tootsie is good. Mr. Edwin Hayes is at his best in the "Fishing Fleet off Granton Harbour, Scotch Coast" (477). No artist excels Mr. Hayes in the power of painting waves. He perceives that they are not like hay in a meadow, but are composed of very wet water. Mr. Fantin's "Roses" (483) are more pleasing than his allegories; but of all the allegories here—and they are numerous—Mr. Stock's "Soul contemplating the Grass of the Field" (462) is by far the most diverting. The "Soul" in question possesses a very solid headpiece, but seems in other respects to partake of the nature of the typical cherub. This is, indeed, a very remarkable work of art. "The Last Gleam on Rose Peak" (513) is a small, but careful and pleasing, piece of mountain scenery in sunset by Mr. Hardwick Lewis. We can hardly believe that the yew hedges in "The Garden, Leven's Hall" (527), have turned light grey of late years; but if they have, we may commend Mr. Tynedale's careful view of them. Mr. Keeley Halsewelle has a fine and deep view of "Autumn Tints" (531), very powerful in places, but with a great deal too much green in the sky. The chief picture in this room hangs opposite the door. It is called "The Children's Prayer" (537), and is by Mr. Arthur Hacker. The children kneel at their mother's knee, that oratory of the nursery, one of them being partially undressed, with its clothes in a heap in the foreground. In composition, drawing, colour, and flesh tints this is by far the most faultless and attractive picture in the whole exhibition, and deserves better company. "Sand and Sunshine" (541), a Surrey view, is by Mr. Adams, and answers well to its name. Mr. P. R. Morris is another artist of fame who sends poor work. The deer in his "Rose on the Thorn" (550) are unlike any deer in nature, and look as if their ragged coats had been painted from a stuffed model. Mr. Elsley contributes a good equine study in his "On the Sick List," a very solidly painted, but ugly, horse. Mr. Yates Carrington paints a terrier and a colley watching a couple of guinea-pigs in a hutch, under the title, "They won't be happy till they get 'em" (565). The painting is careful and the story clear. Mr. Walton has often done better, and seldom worse, than in "Padstow Point" (582). We next come to two remarkable works, hanging on the same wall, one of them in a conspicuous place in the centre. This is "Sin piercing the Heart of Love" (590), by Mr. Stock. Love sits quietly in a chair, while Sin stirs him up with a tremendous arrow. We must lay the blame of such pictures as this on Mr. Watts, though it would be hard to attribute the grotesque fancies of Mr. Stock to any idea of emulating the genius of the artist of "Hope." Close by hangs the other picture which we have just called "remarkable." Everybody remembers the footman in one of Leech's drawings, whose calf had slipped down the leg of his stocking. One is irresistibly reminded of it in contemplating Mr. Storey's "Salome" (587), a study of the nude. Salome leans, in an exceedingly stiff attitude, which she has great difficulty in maintaining, on her tambourine. The "calf has slipped down" her left leg, exactly as in Leech's sketch, and the foot rests in an uncomfortable manner on the tip of the toes. The colour is dark and heavy; the expression without meaning; and this is, in short, another of the examples afforded by this exhibition of big names and little works. We may, in conclusion, praise a very pleasing portrait of a lady in black, by Mr. Windsor Fry (628), with a singular quotation which seems to imply that the subject of the picture is no longer in her first youth. We may leave the lady to settle the matter with Mr. Fry; and glancing once more round the rooms, find a few works which we have overlooked, such as Mr. Stock's "Fifth of November" (40), Mr. Wollen's battle-scene, "Found" (391), and Mr. Ryland's "St. Dorothea and the Roses" (79). But the critic leaves the Gallery wishing, on the whole, that Mr. Alma Tadema, Sir James Linton, Mr. Storey, Mr. Morris, Mr. Seymour Lucas, and other artists of established reputation, had kept their contributions at home. Altogether, this show at the Gallery of the Institute is below the average.

THE THEATRES.

Le Gentilhomme Pauvre of MM. Dumanoir and Lafargue, good as it is in many respects, seems hardly a play likely to attract a London audience. It is known to most playgoers, both English and French, and its quality is scarcely of the lasting kind that will bear a second trial. The situation, that of a nobleman denuded of his fortune and bravely struggling against the buffets of a selfish world; the refinement and high-mindedness he presents in contrast to the vulgarity and sordidness he encounters; and the final triumph of his pride over the *parvenue* widow who tempts him to give her his ancestral name in exchange for her millions—all this is worked out with a delicacy and finish worthy of so touching a theme. But, when all is said, it must be confessed that the play itself lacks briskness, is overloaded with detail not too rich in point, and, especially in the first part, fails to be humorous where humour is most needed. Without the brilliant M. Lafontaine the piece would have been dull. As the Marquis de Lafresnaie, in whom the interest centres, he is perfect in every detail. To witness the exquisite manner in which he manages to combine humour with sadness is worth a visit to the theatre alone. The house fairly broke down when, in the famous scene, the old man at last revealed to his daughter the ruin he had so long kept secret from her. As in many another one-part piece, the remaining characters in *Le Gentilhomme Pauvre* are either too shadowy or too pronounced, and the love interest—a really important element of the story—dwindles into nothing till the curtain falls. The other members of the company, however, made the best of their opportunities, such as they were.

The piece is succeeded by *La Corde Sensible*, by MM. Thiboust, a musical farce of the kind so popular in Paris before the Empire. It deals with life in the *mansarde*, and tells the story, in dialogue, dance, and *chansonnette*, of how, after a series of vain efforts, a couple of students succeed in discovering the *corde sensible* of their pretty neighbours Mimi and Zizine, two fleuristes. It was played with great sprightliness by MM. Dalbert and Schey and Mlles. Charlotte Raynard and Jane May, the latter singing with more vivacity than voice the well-known song which enumerates the *cordes sensibles* of various types.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

THE season has so far been so destitute of musical attractions that Mr. Manns attracted a large audience to the Crystal Palace last Saturday by the announcement of a new Symphony by an English composer. Mr. Gadsby, who now comes forward as an aspirant to honours in the highest region of absolute music, is no stranger to the Saturday Concert audiences. His *Alceste*, his *Andromeda* overture, and his *Witches' Frolic*, his *Lord of the Isles*, and his *Forest of Arden*, all showed him to be a musician of a thoroughly sound school, and not entirely destitute of that quiet grace and facility of expression which is a characteristic of many of the composers of our country since the time of Sterndale Bennett. It is these qualities which one naturally was led from his earlier works to expect in the new Symphony, qualities for which there is much to be thankful in these times of turgidness and obscurity. But extreme sensitiveness as to the manner of producing a musical idea is apt to react upon the matter, and with regard to Mr. Gadsby and the school to which he belongs we cannot but feel that, if they were in general a little less conscious, and gave their imaginations freer rein, the result would be more satisfactory than at present. Too close attention to set forms, when a composer has once mastered them, is apt to end in dryness and lack of effect. It is, therefore, the more pleasant to note in Mr. Gadsby's new work that he seems to be conscious of this himself. The music is more genial and sympathetic than much that has proceeded from the same pen. Possibly this is partly due to the subject chosen; for, according to the analysis, the Symphony may "be taken to derive its name and character from Her Majesty's Jubilee"; but, as in no sense does the work fall under the denomination of programme music, the effect seems to be derived from a distinct effort of the composer to move in a wider and more advanced sphere. The result is certainly satisfactory; for, though the work has its occasional dry places, the general effect is pleasing. In form the Symphony is constructed upon the orthodox lines. Of the four movements of which it consists, the Scherzo and the final Allegro produced the greatest impression; the latter in particular is noticeable for the clever use made of the Choral which forms the first subject, and for the exceedingly effective and well-devised climax, in which the organ is introduced. The first and second movements are hardly so satisfactory; their subjects are somewhat uninteresting, and the treatment does not redeem them from the commonplace. In the Adagio the composer adopts the dangerous device of bringing a particular figure into prominence by undue reiteration—a device which is hardly ever successful, save when the figure is strikingly original, which Mr. Gadsby's is not. That the performance was in every respect admirable it is almost unnecessary to say. Mr. Manns's orchestra seems equally at home in a new work as in one which it has played many hundreds of times. The amount of careful rehearsal which is wanted to secure such an ensemble is little suspected by the public, and too seldom meets with the recognition which it deserves.

Besides the new Symphony, last Saturday's concert included another novelty, in the shape of a little suite of five "Deutscher" or Viennese waltzes, written for string orchestra by Schubert at the age of sixteen. These have recently appeared for the first time in the new edition of the composer's works in course of publication by Messrs. Breitkopf and Härtel; and, though it is doubtless interesting that every note written by so remarkable a genius as Schubert should be accessible, there seems but little reason why the present work should have been revived. With the exception of the final coda, the dances are very poor stuff, and show the composer at his most immature stage. They might possibly have produced more effect if Mr. Manns had played them with more changes of time—a method of execution which is traditional with Viennese dances, and has descended to the present day, though but seldom heard in England. But, even making allowance for the monotony of the performance, the composition is quite unworthy of revival.

The concert began with a superb performance of Beethoven's too rarely heard "Leonora No. 2" Overture, and included Mendelssohn's first Pianoforte Concerto, the solo part in which was played by Mlle. Janotha in her best style. The Polish pianist also contributed Chopin's B minor Scherzo, and (as an encore) a slight pianoforte piece. Her performances showed how extremely unequal her genius is. The Concerto could not have been better played, but the Scherzo was marred by alterations of the text, and the encore piece was probably played to meet the taste of the groundlings. The vocalist was a Mlle. Douilly, whose name is new to us. She chose for her solos Hérol's trite "Jours de mon enfance" (the violin obbligato in which was played with much cleverness by Miss M. Douglas), and Handel's "Oh, had I Jubal's lyre"; but in neither piece created a very favourable impression. The concert finished with the Ballet Airs from Saint-Saëns's *Etienne Marcel*, one of the French composer's most successful operas. It is a pity that Mr. Manns persists in placing works of interest at the end of his programmes; at his first concert this season M. Chabrier's fascinating "Rhapsodie Espagnole" was treated in this manner, and last Saturday M. Saint-Saëns was treated in the same way. The Ballet Airs are, it is true, not as interesting as M. Chabrier's work, but still they deserved a better place in the programme. The Schubert dances might well have taken their place.

REVIEWS.

THE KALEVALA.*

WHILE an English translation of the *Kalevala*, the national poetry of the Finns, has been promised for some time, it is to America that we owe the first English version. Mr. Crawford has rendered the poem, not into prose, like Léouzon Leduc, but into verse, into the measure of *Hiawatha*, itself suggested to Mr. Longfellow by the *Kalevala*. The sing-song trochaics appear to be a widely-spread vehicle of early minstrelsy, and the metre of the poems of the Australian blacks (as may be read in Mr. Brough Smyth's *Aborigines of Victoria*) is the same as that of the *Kalevala*. In English the rhythm is apt to become monotonous, especially in so long a series of rhapsodies. On the whole, Mr. Crawford has produced an agreeable version; but he is naturally at his best when the original contains those fine passages about nature, those praises of moon and sun, sea and stars, waters, pine forests, rivers and hills, which are the great charm of the *Kalevala*. In the flatter places Mr. Crawford also is apt to be flat, for which it is hardly possible to blame him. The Finnish measure has none of the grandeur of the hexameter. In a work like this it is possible to judge of the style by examples. The following is a good specimen from the Proem:—

There are many other legends,
Incantations that were taught me,
That I found along the wayside,
Gathered in the fragrant copses,
Blown me from the forest branches,
Culled among the plumes of pine-trees,
Scented from the vines and flowers,
Whispered to me as I followed
Flocks in land of honeyed meadows,
Over hilllocks green and golden,
After sable-haired Murikki,
And the many-colored Kimmo.
Many runes the cold has told me,
Many lays the rain has brought me,
Other songs the winds have sung me;
Many birds from many forests,
Oft have sung me lays in concord;
Waves of sea, and ocean billows,
Music from the many waters,
Music from the whole creation,
Oft have been my guide and master.

These verses are among the more successful; here and there one finds pieces needlessly prosaic. Examples are:—

And her words are such as follow.
Heeding not advice paternal.

* *The Kalevala*. Translated by John Martin Crawford. London: G. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

Again:—

Give thy silver, Moon's fair daughters,
To a poor but worthy maiden;
Give thy gold, O Sun's sweet virgins,
To this maiden, young and needy.

Other specimens of Mr. Crawford's work will be quoted in the course of discussing the *Kalevala*. In the English the poem retains very frequently its peculiar charm, the fragrance of the pine forests; the sentiment of the free air, of space, of loneliness.

Mr. Crawford's preface, with his account of the Finns, of their myths, and of the collection of the *Kalevala*, is good, and it is no dispraise to say that it might have been still better if it had been longer. He traces briefly the history of the Finns, from the time when Tacitus mentions the Fenni, in the *Germania*. If the Fenni were the Finns, they must have been rather low savages in the time of Tacitus. Their later character has been sturdy, gentle, peaceful, and fond of song. For the various rhapsodies of the *Kalevala* are thoroughly popular—that is to say, it is probable their authors never wrote them down; they were poems of oral tradition; and, if the singers were minstrels by profession, they do not seem to have been entertained by the great, like the bards of Alcinous and Odysseus. Consequently the *Kalevala* differs radically from the Homeric epics, and from the Song of Roland. It does not rehearse the deeds of god-descended kings, nor of the chiefs of noble families, but of a set of "Culture Heroes," ancestors of the Finns in general, teachers of the primitive arts, and of agriculture; fishermen, farmers, minstrels, magicians. The heroes are scarcely human in origin and powers; they are the children of the first forces of the world; they are magnified non-natural medicine-men and warriors. But the heroes are very human in character and desires. However it is to be explained, there is a purity, a reticence, above all a humanity, in most of the adventures of the *Kalevala*, which is a strange contrast to the lives of gods, and beasts, and men, in the mythologies of Greece, India, and Egypt. How is this to be explained? Mr. Crawford, unluckily, does not examine the question. It is perfectly certain that the *Kalevala* is essentially pre-Christian. But the characteristic purity of the *Kalevala* may perhaps be accounted for by its recitation, through many centuries, in the mouths of men Christian in faith, though still retaining a patriotic and poetic memory of their national gods and heroes. It may be that a similar purity in the legends of Wales is due to similar causes; on the other hand, there is a good amount of the savage element in the stories of ancient Ireland, while the Saga of the Volsungs and Niflungs is rich in naked savagery. We regret that Mr. Crawford has not dealt with the question, for he is probably correct in his theory that even the concluding rhapsody on Marjatta, the maiden mother, is in itself pre-Christian. In M. de Charencey's book, *Le Fils de Vierge*, the tradition is followed all about the world. In the Finnish version the child of Marjatta, the maiden, expels the old national hero Wainamoinen, and this does look like an adaptation of actual history and of the success of Christianity to the ancient myth. For Wainamoinen does not war against the new Ruler:—

While the mother named him flower,
Others named him Son of Sorrow.

Wainamoinen accepts him, but himself withdraws in his magic bark, sailing into the sunset, though not before advising that the child's head should be dashed against a birch tree. Perhaps with this reluctance, but without a death-struggle, heathenism faded from among the Finns, leaving a long track of glory,

Like mournful light
That broods above the sunken sun
And dwells in heaven half the night.

Mr. Crawford gives a succinct account of Finnish religion, mainly from Castrén. The Finn lived in a world where all things were personal and alive, but he had also departmental deities. The chief god, the Sky god, has a name, Ukko, which appears to mean "the old one," a very common divine title even among the lowest peoples. (Compare the Nurrumbung Uttias, the "old ones," of Australia, and the Ovakuru Meguru, "the old ones in heaven," of the South African Ovahereroes.) Sun and Moon are also divine, and there be spirits as many and omnipresent as the Vuis of Melanesia. Rivers are so sacred that apparently they still receive sacrifices of goats and calves, as horses were offered to Simois and Xanthus. Tuoni is the place of the dead, as hard to reach and as full of horrors as Amenti, or as the Aztec home of souls.

As to the *Kalevala*, as it now exists in print, it was collected in rhapsodies by Topelius and Lönnrot, physicians, who knew the people well. Lönnrot was born in 1802; the fruits of his labour were first published in 1835-1849. Additions were afterwards made. The *Kalevala* cannot be regarded as an artistic whole, like the *Iliad*, or the *Odyssey*, or the *Chanson de Roland*. All the unity it possesses is given by the continued presence of Wainamoinen, Lemminkäinen, and the other heroes. We start with the maid who floats on the waters of the world (like Atalanta in North American myth), who gives birth to Wainamoinen, who is befriended by the primitive duck, which, like Seb, in Egypt, lays the cosmic egg. Wainamoinen is an accomplished culture hero and magician. He clears the forests, he makes agriculture possible; with his comrades he seeks the mystic talisman, the *Sampo*,

a mill to grind everything good. All this part is clearly connected with the world-wide Jason legend. He visits the home of the Dead, like Odysseus. Like Yehi and many other heroes, Wainamoinen recovers fire and the sun, which, as in the myths of a score of countries, were stolen and concealed. Fire was hidden in the fish, the fire-pike, as Agni once hid in the sea. Wainamoinen, in short, is the Yehi, or Maui, or Prometheus of the Finns. It may be regretted that Mr. Crawford has not pointed out the many places where Finnish resembles North American mythology. Mixed with the adventures of Wainamoinen—rather at random—is the disconnected story of Kulervo, which answers to the Scotch ballad of "The Bonny Hind." The *Kalevala* is thus a national poem, indeed, filled with the popular life and legends of the Finns; but it is not a consecutive poem, dealing with a limited range of action and passion, like the songs of the Wrath of Achilles and the Return of Odysseus. Mr. Crawford does not discuss the question of separate authorship of separate rhapsodies, as attested or indicated by differences of style and language. That is a matter for Finnish philologists, who, we trust, may be more unanimous than the critics of Homer. To the ordinary reader it seems plain enough that the *Kalevala* was never intended to be one epic; that it is a mere collection of rhapsodies, which have the advantage of beginning at the beginning (like Hesiod) and of ending at the end—namely, at the downfall of heathenism. The *Kalevala* would lose little by the removal and might easily be swollen by the addition of several rhapsodies. In fact, as Mr. Crawford rightly states, it occupies a mean position between the epic and a collection of national folk-songs.

In the whole poem the most original thing is the Sampo, which takes the place of the Fleece of Gold as the object of adventurous quest. We quote from Mr. Crawford, first, the account of how this talisman ought to be made, and, next, a description of how it worked when fashioned by Ilmarinen:—

This is Louhi's simple answer:
"O thou ancient Wainamoinen,
Only true and wise magician,
Never will I ask for riches,
Never ask for gold nor silver;
Gold is for the children's flowers,
Silver for the stallion's jewels.
Canst thou forge for me the Sampo,
Hammer me the lid in colors
From the tips of white-swan feathers,
From the milk of greatest virtue,
From a single grain of barley,
From the finest wool of lambskins?"

Such were the materials, yet Ilmarinen (the Finnish Hephestus) made the Sampo of metals:—

The eternal magic artist,
Ancient blacksmith, Ilmarinen,
First of all the iron-workers,
Mixed together certain metals,
Put the mixture in the caldron,
Laid it deep within the furnace,
Called the hirelings to the forging.
Skillfully they work the bellows,
Tend the fire and add the fuel,
Three most lovely days of summer,
Three short nights of bright midsummer,
Till the rocks begin to blossom,
In the foot-prints of the workmen,
From the magic heat and furnace.

The metal came out as a cross-bar, a boat, a heifer, a plough, and, finally, as a Sampo, whatever that may be:—

On the third night Ilmarinen,
Bending low to view his metals,
On the bottom of the furnace,
Sees the magic Sampo rising,
Sees the lid in many colors.
Quick the artist of Wainola
Forges with the tongs and anvil,
Knocking with a heavy hammer,
Forges skillfully the Sampo;
On one side the flour is grinding,
On another salt is making,
On a third is money forging,
And the lid is many-colored.
Well the Sampo grinds when finished,
To and fro the lid in rocking,
Grinds one measure at the day-break,
Grinds a measure fit for eating,
Grinds a second for the market,
Grinds a third one for the store-house.

Such was the Sampo, answering to the Mill that Grinds Money, in the Norse tale "Why the Sea is Salt." For its later adventures the curious must read Mr. Crawford's translation, which will take them into a new poetical world, and reveal to them all the natural life as well as all the magical fancies of a most interesting people. Mr. Crawford's style is not uniformly poetical, and we could wish for a more elaborate introduction and notes. But the book, in spite of these drawbacks, is an addition to good literature.

NOVELS.

THE various perils that environ the man that meddles with cold iron are but trifling items in the crowd of terrible adventures which befall The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane and her faithful friend, Benet Pengilly, as set forth by Mr. Frank Barrett in his entertaining novel. The title-page, in its old-fashioned prolixity, promises marvels in the way of "pirates, battle, captivity, and other terrors," besides romantic and moving incidents of a softer nature; and the book abundantly keeps the word of the preface. The first meeting between Lady Biddy and her adorer, Benet Pengilly, at which the reader assists, though by no means the first between the cousins, is as discouraging as any that ever seemed to blight the hopes of a lover. Benet is in the town pillory of Truro—in the days, of course, when town pillories were—besmirched with dirt and broken eggs, ragged, wretched, disreputable, and furious with impotent rage, the boys of the town pelting and insulting him, and a legend below his head to the effect that this is "Benet Pengilly, A Sturdy Rogue." To this poor wretch comes riding by, amid her cavaliers, Lady Biddy Fane, in the pride of her youth, beauty, and rank, and so full of angry scorn for her cousin's disgrace, that she declares he should be "sent to the whipping-post, there to be soundly whipped." Yet was love lurking, hidden not far from the two; for on the last page we find the lady laying her cheek to that of the "sturdy rogue" and saying "Take me, sweetheart, or else I die an old maid." In the interval such extraordinary events have taken place that nothing that could happen on the last page could any more surprise. Shipwrecks, sea-fights, abductions by pirates, rescues by the single-handed Benet, wanderings on the then undiscovered banks of the "Oronoke," perils from "cocodrills" and other fearful wild-fowl, battles, murders, and sudden deaths, succeed each other in amazing procession. Lady Biddy was beautiful to inconvenience; for every man who looked on her loved her, and in those days to love was to carry off. Benet Pengilly's chief object in life was to prevent Lady Biddy being carried off; and he found his hands full. In the task of protecting sweet Biddy, however, when she had no one else to care for her, Benet's "roguery" fell off as his "sturdiness" increased, and by the time he had borne her unscathed through every peril that earth, ocean, the storms of the heavens, and the malignity of mankind could devise against her, Benet was worthy to receive the gift of herself. If this ingenious narrative be not, as it is not intended to be, strictly veracious, it is certainly very well invented, and if Mr. Barrett has not quite the convincing minuteness of Defoe, he has a very pretty knack of weaving adventure. If Lady Biddy and Mr. Benet Pengilly settled down to married life in Cornwall, as we are given to suppose, we suspect they must have found Truro commonplace after their wild times in the delta of the "Oronoke."

It is an ominous thing to find a novel which is also an "autobiography," in which the heroine's Christian name is "Flower," and further to find her styled "Periwinkle," because her eyes are blue, and she wreathes her hat, neck, waist, and person generally with the plant Rousseau made the rage by only naming it. "This sentiment kills me," murmurs the reader. The merits of *Periwinkle* struggle vainly through three volumes against the sentimental egotism of the young woman who tells the tale. The merits are there. Miss Flower Eversleigh, the autobiographist, writes fluently and well; she has taken great pains to construct an interesting and tantalizing plot, and her morals are as moral as moral can be; for though she does in a state of semi-delirium try to cut her husband's throat, she is prevented in the nick of time from doing it; and though there is a gentleman, not her husband, most dreadfully in love with her, he abstains from any attempt to "sing his song O" until the proper time when the husband is disposed of, and the decks, so to speak, cleared for action. So far this is well. But the mistake, or perhaps the incapacity of the author, lies in the total inadequacy of the characters to rise to the strength of the situations. The elements of a powerful story lie properly in the natures of the actors. It is intended to be a strong scene (what would in theatrical parlance be called a curtain scene) when Flower attempts to murder her husband and is snatched away by her lover. But as nothing in the character or temperament of Flower has in the faintest way shadowed forth any quality likely to lead up to such an action, the scene is not strong, but only stagey. In like manner the horrific mystery which hangs round Simon Creedy (there is a joke here which no one can understand who does not read the novel) is perfectly plain from the first few pages to any one familiar with novelists, their tricks, and their manners. The mannerism of always writing "I, Flower Darkwood," or "he, Leigh Eversleigh" (suggested, perhaps, by the immortal "I, Lucy Snowe, was calm") will not by itself make impressive writing. Arnold Gray, the author, does not, to sum up, prove in *Periwinkle* that she can put together a strong, robust story. But she gives abundant evidence of graceful feminine talent, and she displays sympathetic comprehension of simple natures. The playfulness which is not absent would be more pleasing if it were less self-conscious, and

* *The Admirable Lady Biddy Fane*. By Frank Barrett. London, Paris, New York, and Melbourne: Cassell & Co. 1888.

Periwinkle: an Autobiography. By Arnold Gray. 3 vols. London: Ward & Downey. 1888.

The Master of Rathkelly. By Hawley Smart. 2 vols. London: White & Co. 1888.

Check and Counter-check. By Brander Matthews and George H. Jessop. Arrowsmith's Bristol Library, Vol. 32. Bristol. 1888.

such striking effects as there are in the novel are more theatrical than truly dramatic.

Novel-readers know very well what to expect from volumes bearing on the title-page the name Hawley Smart. A good deal about hunting and racing, a steeplechase or two, plenty of measurable talk, and stable gossip, the whole mixed up with agreeable flirtation, are sure to be there. In *The Master of Rathkelly* the author's style is rather more loose and careless than usual, and the tangled ends at the close are scrambled together in a hurried fashion. On the other hand, his indignation at the unsportsmanlike proceedings which have happened of late years in Ireland lends warmth and vigour to his expression. Irishmen assaulting a "meet," stoning the county Hunt, boycotting the M. F. H., killing and maiming hounds, appear to him—as, indeed, they do to most people—crimes as improbable as they are heinous. Or, at least, they would have been improbable in Ireland a few years ago. The patriotism must be sour indeed that turns the Irish heart against sport and embitters it where horses and dogs are concerned. The author of *The Master of Rathkelly* does not take the view lately promulgated that the Irish people do not deviate from their known humanity by cruel torturing of animals, or at least only deviate from political necessity. To break each other's skulls in fair fight, to hate each other for the love of God, and slay each other for the love of country, have been the delight of that interesting race since the commencement of historical record. But at least there was no cowardice in that. A man gave and a man took according to the fortune of war and the toughness of his shillelagh. But creeping at night into stables and meadows to mutilate helpless brutes, houghing the milch-cow of the widow and cutting the tails of the oxen, killing hounds and maiming horses, appear to many more beside Captain Hawley Smart acts of the meanest cowardice quite as much as of fiendish cruelty. They are the despair of those who still cling to faith in Irish generosity. Impulsive natures may swing as far in one direction as in another, according to the pressure of the momentary influence; but, when the impetus lands them in the commission of such deeds as those recorded in the novel we are speaking of—deeds which are more than paralleled in almost daily reports in the newspapers—the epithet "humane" ceases to be applicable to them. "Fair play's a jewel" used to be an Irish saying. But the Irish people, or a section of them, seem to have changed all that.

The bright little trifle by Mr. Brander Matthews and Mr. Jessop, which they have named *Check and Counter-Check*, holds its place in the weird catalogue of Arrowsmith's Bristol Library, like a "snowy dove trooping with crows." It is the innocent piece of trickery. Mr. Paul Stuyvesant is a lawyer in New York, who has got circumstantial evidence on the brain, his malady intensified by too profound study, in his less professional moments, of Edgar Allan Poe, Gaboriau, and Fortuné du Boisgobey. Therefore does Mr. Stuyvesant leap wildly and hastily to conclusions inconsistent with the good faith of his friend and future brother-in-law, Charlie Vaughn, a young gentleman who spells his surname as we have written it, but has not many other objectionable qualities. It is true that any one defrauding a good old English name in this way of the vowel which belongs to it might naturally, on occasion, be suspected of stealing a valuable picture; but this was far from being Mr. Stuyvesant's reason for doubt, therefore the evidence is not relative. This clever lawyer, in the pursuit of his plot, behaves in a manner which appears to the lay mind destitute of sense; but that matters little, since the narration of his foolishness is very amusing. There is a clever little scene in a pawnbroker's shop in which various dialects are brought in comically. The Irish, the negro, and the German English, as "spoke" in New York, are capably done, though one wonders if "verstehst Sie" is dialect or bad grammar.

BUNDOBAST AND KHABAR.*

THE discovery of British India by polite Society, which occurred some time in the last decade, has led to notable results. It has turned the plains of India, during the cold season, into a happy hunting-ground for aristocratic sportsmen and fashionable excursionists; it has made the Calcutta season brilliant with duchesses and statesmen out for a holiday. It has laid a considerable additional tax, in the form of obligatory hospitality, on the backs of Indian officials, already bending under the burden of a ruinous exchange; last, not least, it has produced a literature of its own. Polite Society, when on its travels, knows instinctively that mankind will care to hear of its emotions and experiences, and sets itself, with naive good-nature, to gratify the general passion for publicity. Each visitor records the impressions of a six weeks' tour—the vicissitudes of a railway journey, the inevitable interview with the intelligent native, the aphorisms of the sage official, the triumphs of a well-organized battue. The result is a crop of small volumes of travel, all covering exactly the same area, occupied with exactly the same adventures, and instinct with exactly the same ideas. Colonel Larking's *Bundobast and Khabar* is a typical specimen.

"Bundobast and Khabar" is the Indian equivalent for "arrangement and news"—a title the point of which is not, at

first sight, apparent to the ordinary intellect. Colonel Larking, however, soon makes his meaning clear. "Arrangement and news" were the two main ideas which occupied his thoughts during his stay in India—the "arrangement," namely, of luxurious tiger-hunts, the "news" that some unfortunate bullock, tethered in the jungle for the purpose of attracting wild beasts, had been slaughtered in the night, and that the tiger, gorged with his banquet, would be crouching in the neighbourhood, and awaiting attack. These may seem slight pegs on which to hang an entire narrative, but a very few pages of Colonel Larking's story suffice to show what ample material they may afford to a writer duly qualified to handle them. Colonel Larking came to India as no ordinary man. The first heading of the first chapter reveals the spell which placed the resources of an Eastern potentate at his command. "I am invited to stay with the Duke and Duchess of Connaught in India. I leave London," &c. &c. It is, in fact, only at intervals that we are allowed the privilege of following, however respectfully, Colonel Larking's movements in India. He emerges from Royal companionship; he is revealed to mortal ken; we know, for a while, how he fared, what he shot, who had the honour of entertaining him, what sights impressed him, what accidents he encountered. Then the curtain falls, the privileged tourist passes again into the ineffable presence, and all again is silence. We must seek to know no more. One part of his journey, the author tells us, though not the least enjoyable, he has thought it best, as he was not travelling independently, to omit altogether, "lest my views and opinions might be thought to reflect those, however indirectly, of the personages with whom I had the honour of being associated." Laudable discretion, however tantalizing to human inquisitiveness such reticence may be! Let us be content with such revelation as Colonel Larking can safely make, without the risk of profaning the mysteries of his royal companions.

The main incident of the tour was a tiger-shooting expedition, organized for the author during his stay at Hyderabad. The Nizam appears to be a splendid host. "Dr. Lauder, who managed the whole expedition, made a most excellent bundobast, and seemed to have provided every luxury he could think of—such as champagne, hock, claret, sherry, two hundred dozen of soda-water, pâtés-de-foie-gras, liqueurs, and other similar things too numerous to mention." The Nizam lent "two of his staunch elephants," which, with three of "the Vikar's" (a high official who headed the expedition), had been sent on ahead. "The Vikar had also sent on eleven riding-horses, three camels, seventy-two bullock 'bandies,' twenty sowars, and a like number of Rohillas, two complete sets of camp tents and cooks, and had arranged that we were to have a post backward and forwards every two or three days, though this would sometimes entail a ride of from 150 to 200 miles for the sowars who carried it. We calculated that our party, including soldiers, servants, and followers, would number about 250 men—a large number to move about the country, with no roads, and where most of the provisions had to be carried about with us." The equipment of the sportsmen was as complete as the occasion demanded. Colonel Larking's battery consisted of "a 500 Empress by Holland & Holland, a No. 10 smooth-bore by Moorson, a pair of No. 12 smooth-bores by Boss." He had provided himself with "an immense amount of ammunition from Rodda & Sons, of Calcutta. On an expedition like this it is always as well to have a great deal more ammunition than is really required; for so many accidents may happen to it, carried about as it is on coolies' heads or the rough bullock bandies through the jungle." For the benefit of future shikaris it is recorded that Colonel Larking's wardrobe included a good supply of flannel shirts; a couple of "shikari suits," made to the wearer's pleasure by a native tailor; two pairs of Sambur leather boots, with cotton soles for walking in the jungle; leather gauntlets, with air-holes in the back to save the hands from scratches while riding through brushwood; "two solar tops and a pad down the back are also absolutely necessary," and a gauze veil to keep off the troublesome flies. "Last, but not least," says the author, "of the comforts I had with me in the jungle was a spray-diffuser and a good allowance of Penhaligon's bay rum; I cannot express how refreshing this was after a hard day in the hot jungle."

Thus equipped, these sturdy sportsmen sallied forth to meet the monarch of the Indian forest. The history of the campaign is that which is invariable on such occasions. It has been told a hundred times before, and is about as full of adventure as a morning's pheasant shooting in an English covert. Every reader of books of Indian sport knows its incidents by heart. The proceedings begin by a general seizure of the peasants' bullocks, forty or fifty of which are tied up through the night in different parts of the forest. At last one of them gets killed, and is found mangled and half eaten in the morning. Then the sportsman's heart becomes elate; he boldly mounts his elephant with a small battery of firearms, or is posted safely in the branches of a tree, from which he is likely to get a shot at passing game. Meanwhile a small army of peasants has been collected by the officials, and are marched with shouts and tom-tomings through the jungle. The native huntsmen are on their mettle to show sport and expose themselves to risks which not seldom cost them their lives. The mauled victim is sent back, with many regrets, to camp, and the sport goes merrily forward. Presently a tiger is heard, the native beaters fly for refuge, "chattering like monkeys," each to the nearest tree. Then one of the sportsmen gets a shot; others in succession complete the work, and

* *Bundobast and Khabar: Reminiscences of India.* By Colonel Cuthbert Larking. London: Hurst & Blackett. 1888.

the tiger rolls over, with the contents of half a dozen rifles in his person. The sportsmen descend, there is a slight controversy as to "whose the tiger is," the first man who draws blood being entitled to claim him. The party is then grouped around the prostrate victim, and a photograph is taken. The happy sportsmen return in triumph to camp to refresh themselves with sprays of bay rum and libations of champagne, and to record their successes for the admiration of mankind.

There is, unfortunately, another side to the picture. These "big shoots," got up for the edification of European gentlemen, are not the mere matters of amusement that those who enjoy them are apt to imagine. They are extremely costly to the Rajah who gives them, and extremely oppressive to the people. A small army, such as that which accompanied Colonel Larking, marching through a district, is a perfect scourge to the inhabitants, who have to conciliate their ruler and landlord and his subordinates by patient submission to every form of extortion. The peasant, whose bullocks are carried off to serve as baits for wild animals, is certain to have the worst of the bargain with the unscrupulous underling who regulates the transaction. One instance is given by Colonel Larking:—

While we were having our smoke [he says], a man and his wife came with a regular "ewe-lamb" story. They went down on their knees before the Nawab, and complained that his shikari had forcibly taken their only buffalo, and tied it up as bait for a tiger. The Nawab told them that they should be well paid for it, but this did not seem to console them at all, and they were sent away in great distress of mind.

A still worse result is the effect produced on the giver of the entertainment. His attention is diverted from all useful work among his dependents, and he fancies that he is gaining influence and prestige by catering on a magnificent scale for English gentlemen, who will sing his praises among their countrymen. The guests, who have been splendidly entertained and provided with first-rate sport, naturally see everything *au couleur de rose*. This is remarkably the case in the present instance. The young Nizam and his officials are extolled in language which, to any one who knows the real facts of the case, is absurdly eulogistic. He has "come prominently before the British public by his display of exceptional talents in the way of government and his thorough business-like ways. . . . He goes heart and soul into all matters affecting his people. . . . His magnificent gift of 60 lakhs towards the defences of India proves above all things how loyal he is to England. . . . He has a great opinion of England, and is happy in having such advisers as Mr. Cordery and Colonel Marshall." All this sounds silly enough, read in the light of recent occurrences at Hyderabad. But panegyrics of this sort are the price that influential visitors pay for a costly entertainment. The evil is of wide extent. One of the most promising young Rajahs in India has been fairly ruined in purse and character alike by the constant influx of European visitors bent upon enjoying his hospitality and shooting over his domain. Meanwhile the European official suffers severely. His money, his thoughts, his time, are spent in promoting the amusement of a few English gentlemen, whose influential friends secure them a courteous reception by the Government, and convenient introductions in any direction in which good cheer and good sport may be expected. It is well that intelligent Englishmen should visit India and see something of the country and the curious problems which it presents. No better remedy can be suggested for the rashness and ignorance which characterize amateur criticism of Indian affairs. But gentlemen who, like Colonel Larking, go out to India simply in search of "bundobast and khabar," who view the natives simply as so many ministrants to their enjoyment, and whose gratitude to their host compels them to irrational and undeserved eulogies, contribute less than nothing to our knowledge of the subject, and only add one more difficulty to the numerous difficulties of Indian administration.

A VOLCANIC ERUPTION AND ITS CONSEQUENCES.*

THE eruption of Krakatoa in the summer of 1883 was exceptionally disastrous in its own neighbourhood, and unusually interesting in its more distant effects. The Sunda Strait between Java and Sumatra, at one side of which is the island of Krakatoa, is a connecting link between the Indian and Chinese Seas, and so is one of the marine highways. On the nearer coasts of the two great islands in this archipelago are numerous small towns and villages, where some European residents are scattered among the native inhabitants; while, at not more than one hundred miles distance from the volcano are the important towns of Batavia and Buitenzorg. Thus the circumstances and consequences of the eruption have been more fully recorded than if it had occurred on some lonely island or in the less accessible parts of a continent; and as the news of the disaster was quickly circulated by telegraph, observers were on the watch for its more distant effects.

The exceptional interest of these had been notified in the following December and January by papers read and discussed at the Royal Society. Accordingly its Council, early in 1884, determined to appoint a Committee of its Fellows "to collect the various accounts of the volcanic eruption at Krakatoa and its

attendant phenomena, in such form as shall best provide for their preservation and promote their usefulness." This Committee, subsequently augmented from the ranks of the Royal Society and by three Fellows of the Meteorological Society, collected a vast mass of material, which has been summarized and arranged in a series of reports. These are included in the present volume, which has been edited by the chairman, Mr. G. J. Symons, and published at the expense of the Royal Society. Fortunately for the interests of science, the Dutch-India Government, after taking such steps as were imperatively demanded to secure the safe navigation of the strait and relieve the widespread misery caused by the eruption, commissioned Mr. K. D. M. Verbeek, a geologist whose knowledge of the region, as is well known, is exceptionally great, to examine the scene of the disaster; and his Report, illustrated by an atlas of plates, has been already published in both the Dutch and the French languages. The latter Government also commissioned, early in 1884, MM. René Brönon and W. C. Korthal to visit Krakatoa, and the preliminary Report of their investigations has also been published. Both these Reports have, of course, been frequently consulted in the compilation of the present volume.

In this the history of the eruption and its geological phenomena, including a careful description of the volcanic materials, has been written by Professor Judd, who, as is well known, possesses exceptional qualifications for the task. The Report on the Air-waves and Sounds caused by the eruption has been prepared in the Meteorological Office by Mr. R. H. Scott, the Secretary, and General Strachey, Chairman of the Meteorological Council. The Report on the Seismic Sea-waves was begun by the late Sir F. J. Evans and has been completed by his successor, Captain W. J. L. Wharton; the Report on the unusual Optical Phenomena of the Atmosphere is the joint production of the Hon. F. A. Rollo Russell and Mr. E. Douglas Archibald; and the Report on the Magnetical and Electrical Phenomena has been prepared by Mr. G. M. Whipple, of the Kew Observatory. The volume is illustrated by a large number of plates, diagrams, charts, and woodcuts, and thus forms the most complete scientific memoir on a great volcanic eruption that has yet appeared in the English language. The labour which has been bestowed upon it by the editor and the authors of the Reports has evidently been very great, and the expense which has been incurred by the Royal Society cannot have been small; but the result has undoubtedly been a volume of exceptional and permanent value. Six years ago on the north side of the Sunda Strait was a group of islands clothed with vegetation of exceptional luxuriance. From the largest of these a conspicuous cinder cone rose to a height of 2,623 feet, and bore the name in the old Javanese language of Rakata or "the Crab." This name, rendered by the Dutch Krakatau, by the Portuguese Krakatão, by the English Krakatoa, has been extended to the whole island. Professor Judd is of opinion that this group of islands was the "basal wreck" of a great volcanic mountain which very probably had been about twenty-five miles in circumference at the sea-line, and may have risen to a height of 10,000 or 12,000 feet. It was composed, so far as can be inferred from what remains, mainly of lava, this being the species called *enstatite-dacite*. Of its destruction, a catastrophe probably yet more terrible than the last one, no record has been preserved; still the event must have occurred in comparatively recent times, for since the last eruption it has been discovered that the original cone rested on Tertiary, and even on Post-tertiary, deposits. After these ancient explosions probably only an irregular crater ring remained, rising at the highest parts but a few hundred feet above the level of the sea. The next stage in the history of the volcano was a series of comparatively quiet eruptions which built up small volcanic cones within the ring, and so gradually filled up this huge crater. Then, probably as a consequence of these ejections, this irregular mass subsided, so as to submerge the lower parts and convert the higher into the island group which has already been mentioned. At some late period during these varied episodes a lateral vent was formed on the southern side of the crater ring, and the cone of Rakata itself was built up. It is a singular fact that, while all the rest of the material ejected from the volcano before or since this epoch is of one kind—namely, *enstatite-dacite*—Rakata is basalt. Thus an acid and a basic lava have been thrown up practically from one and the same fiery fountain.

These islands, though frequently visited by fishermen and woodmen from the neighbouring shores, do not appear to have been permanently inhabited. Hence little is known from tradition as to the earlier history of the volcano; but it seems certain that a very severe outbreak occurred in the year 1680. This is said to have destroyed the forests, but probably did not materially affect the form of the island. Before long trees and herbage again clothed the devastated slopes, and for two centuries nature was at rest. But some eight years since it became evident that the volcano was entering upon a phase of renewed activity. Earthquakes became frequent in the surrounding district, some of which caused serious damage. It was not, however, till May 1883 that any signs of an eruption were observed. Then, on the evening of the 21st, a steam column was seen to rise from Krakatoa, which on the next day was discovered to proceed, not from Rakata, but from the lower part of the island. Loud explosions were heard, flashes of lightning were seen playing around the vaporous column, and great quantities of dust and pumice were shot forth into the air to an estimated height of about seven miles, which fell, sometimes in large quantities, far beyond the

* The Eruption of Krakatoa and subsequent Phenomena. Report of the Krakatoa Committee of the Royal Society. Edited by G. J. Symons, F.R.S. London: Trübner & Co. 1888.

limits of the island. After a few days, however, this eruption became less violent, so that an excursion party from Batavia landed on Krakatoa, when it was ascertained that the site of the disturbance was a cone named Perboewatan, which rose some 300 feet above the sea on the north-west side of the largest island. During this visit many interesting particulars were noted down, and a photograph of the eruption was even taken, a tinted copy of which is included in the present volume. This phase of variable, but on the whole diminished, activity lasted about three months, during which time new orifices were opened "all over the surface of the filled-up crater of the great volcano," till on the afternoon of August 26 the eruption assumed the paroxysmal stage, as it may be called, which lasted till the morning of August 28. The most violent explosions, four in number, occurred during the earlier parts of the previous day, and of these the worst and most far-reaching in its results took place, according to Mr. Verbeek, at 10.2 A.M., local time. During these convulsions about two-thirds of the island Krakatoa were destroyed; the northern half of Rakata was blown into the air, leaving a vertical cliff about 2,000 feet high; the sea, sometimes over 1,000 feet in depth, flowed where there had been land, which in places had risen as much as 1,400 feet above the ocean level. The height, however, of Rakata, and the area of its southern flank, had been somewhat augmented by the ejected materials. Of the other islands, the smallest, Poolsche Hoedje, had disappeared, but Lang and Verlaten Islands had been enlarged and increased in height by the scoria discharged from the central crater. It is probable that for a distance of perhaps ten or twelve miles round the focus of the eruption the sea-bed has been generally elevated, at most about sixty feet; but along one line, eight or nine miles in length, according to Mr. Verbeek, there has been an increase in depth, not improbably indicating the opening of a fissure in the submerged cone. Two new islands were formed to the north and north-east of Krakatoa, probably by the accumulation of scoria in the shallower parts of the sea, which have since been washed away. Professor Judd is of opinion, and the discussion of this question is one of the most valuable parts of his Report, that the most violent explosions were due to the vapour disseminated in the molten mass which had been pent up for a time by the chilling of the surface consequent on the intrusions of cool seawater.

During the earlier part of the eruption one vessel, the *Charles Bal*, was beating about the Strait of Sunda—the darkness rendering a continuance of the voyage impossible—within a dozen miles of Krakatoa, a few others were at greater distances, but within the area more immediately affected. Fortunately at the time of the most violent explosions not one was near, for probably ship and crew would have been alike lost. The night of the 26th was a bad enough experience; the air, notwithstanding a strong wind, being "hot, choking, and sulphurous; masses like iron cinders falling on the ship"; incessant explosions, culminating towards midnight in almost continuous roar; "the sky, one second an intense blackness, the next a blaze of fire;" while the masts and yardarms were studded with corposants, and lambent with a peculiar pinky flame, coming from clouds which seemed to touch them.

On the decks of vessels several miles away mud and pumice fell in showers on the morning of the 27th, and a darkness came on like that of a mirk midnight; the pumice covered the sea for miles in vast floating banks, which were sometimes four or five feet thick, and completely arrested the course of a vessel. At Batavia, 100 miles away, soon after 7 A.M. on the morning of the 27th, a gloom like that of a London fog came gradually on; lamps were lit in the houses, and at last the darkness became complete. Shortly before this dust began to fall, which increased to a regular dust-rain about 11, and lasted till 1 P.M., when it gradually diminished, and ceased in the course of the afternoon. Similar phenomena, though of shorter duration, occurred at Buitenzorg, and at both towns the air-waves caused by the explosions burst windows, and even cracked walls. The sounds were heard even at Rodriguez, full 3,000 miles away from the volcano.

But the great sea-waves, generated by the more violent explosions, produced effects far more disastrous to property and life. These swept the coasts bordering the Strait of Sunda at various times, from the evening of the 26th to the morning of the 27th. By their rush on to the lowland districts, "all vessels near the shore were stranded; the towns and villages along the coast devastated; two of the lighthouses swept away, and the lives of 36,380 of the inhabitants, among whom were 37 Europeans, sacrificed." According to Captain Wharton, the longer waves, due to these sea-disturbances, have been traced north and east in the Java Sea for about 480 miles; on the south and east probably not further than the west coast of Australia, while on the west the most important wave travelled over great distances, reaching Cape Horn, and possibly the English Channel. The sounds were heard over an egg-shaped area about 72 degrees in length and 57 degrees in width, but the air-wave, the course of which has been most carefully tabulated, represented in diagrams, and discussed by General Strachey, made three complete circuits of the globe, and was even traced some distance from Krakatoa, as its centre, on a fourth aerial voyage.

Almost immediately after the eruption strange atmospheric effects began to be observed in neighbouring regions—the sun was fiery red, green, or blue in colour; the sky was strangely tinted, hazy, or lurid; then, as autumn advanced, the exceptional beauty of the sunsets and the unusual frequency of an "after-

glow" in extra-tropical regions attracted general attention. It was soon suggested that these were caused either directly by the minute particles of dust which had been discharged by the volcano and were still floating in the upper region of the atmosphere, or indirectly by the precipitation of vapour facilitated by their presence. An extraordinary number of facts relating to the various atmospheric phenomena has been collected, which are discussed by Messrs. Archibald and Russell in an elaborate and lengthy Report. They come to the conclusion that the remarkable sky-glows (of which six chromolithographs are given from drawings by Mr. W. Ascroft) which characterized the autumn of 1883, and to some extent reappeared in 1884 and 1885, can be proved to have originated in the Indian Ocean, whence they spread gradually into extra-tropical regions; that the various phenomena exhibited were such as would result from the gradual sifting out by gravitation of the coarser particles from a vast mass of dust, the finer part of which was so minute as to continue floating practically at the same level, but which ultimately, though with exceeding slowness, was eliminated from the upper region of the atmosphere. That is, they attribute these sky-glows, in the main, directly to the effect of the enormous cloud of volcanic dust ejected from Krakatoa, which slowly diffused itself in the upper atmosphere, as smoke spreads from the funnel of a steamer on a quiet day. They estimate that this reflecting fog-bank of volcanic dust floated at first between 104,000 and 121,000 feet above the surface of the earth. This alone will suffice to indicate the extraordinary violence of the paroxysm. Krakatoa was a monster cannon which shot out its smoke, and this vertically, to a distance of twenty miles.

NEW PRINTS.

THE old-fashioned styles of engraving hold their own well against the "processes"; but it must be allowed that such a facsimile of a water-colour as comes to us from Messrs. Boussois & Valadon, under the title "The First Communion," after De Beaufond, is a marvel difficult to excel. A young girl kneeling on a *priedieu*, all in white, and holding a white book, would not seem to be a suitable subject for colour-printing. The delicacy of the gradations, the warmth of the carnations, and, what must not be overlooked, the extraordinary fidelity of the copy, as a copy, of a water-colour sketch, partly in body, is something of which the publishers may well be proud.

We have received proofs of two etchings by Mr. W. L. Wyllie, "Towing up the Waal," and a similar scene, apparently at Tilbury on the Thames, slight but very fresh and charming examples of a kind of art which is very popular, especially with people who go down to the sea in yachts. They are published by Mr. Dunthorne, of Vigo Street, who also sends an original etching by Mr. Colin Hunter, "Their Share of the Toil"—some women counting out fish on the shore of an evening or early morning sea, with a calm foreground, and one of Mr. Hunter's most "Hunterian" views of waves and rocks behind. Mr. Hunter's waves are often so like rocks that it is not easy always to distinguish them; but here the warm light, the graceful figures, and a certain skill in execution make up for much that is peculiar and unpleasant.

In utter contrast to Mr. Hunter's methods we have M. Lopisgich's "Hamlet," a view of a couple of thatched cottages in a low marshy landscape, and with a pale sky behind, everything being as soft as it can be made by etching—almost to the verge of what properly belongs to the engraver in mezzotint. Of course such an effect as this can only be obtained by extensive use of the dry point method. This print, which is of great delicacy, and of a subdued velvety beauty, is published by Messrs. Boussois & Valadon. The still water of the canal, with its weeds and flags, and the reflection of the light sky and of the dark cottages, make this a very poetical piece of work, in spite of the absence of any signs of life—a figure, or even rising smoke.

A very similar effect reigns in Mr. Frank Short's rendering of Mr. Alfred East's evening view, "Calm and beautiful the Moon arose." This is described as a mezzotint. It differs, however, very little in technique from M. Lopisgich's "Hamlet" just mentioned; but the introduction of the swans in the foreground both add interest to the work as a picture and also help to enhance the higher light which comes from the rising moon. There is great depth and softness in the background, and the reflections are well managed. This print, of which we have received a proof, comes from Mr. Robert Dunthorne, of Vigo Street; who also sends us Mr. Lionel Smythe's "Field of the Cloth of Gold," an etching of a wholly different class. The field is a field of wheat, over which there is the glow of a sky full of thin clouds, which scarcely hide the sun and scarcely temper the heat. A row of French peasants, men and women alike, are engaged in cutting and tying the sheaves, and in the foreground is the farmer on horseback, in a white blouse. The distance, low and flat, is cleverly managed, with its alternations of hill and wood, diversified by windmills. This is a print which could not quickly pall, and which would repay considerable examination in different lights.

Messrs. Boussois & Valadon also send us a "remarque" proof of a large etching by M. Eugène Fornes, of J. F. Millet's "Geese on a Pond." The subject is not nearly so interesting as in most of Millet's pictures; it is not very pretty in itself, and wants

breadth, in our opinion. It has, however, many of the qualities most admired in the work of the great etchers, and will please those who understand that kind of art better than the general public. The best part of the print is, perhaps, the background, with a fine cloudy, but sunlit, sky.

Under the title, "An Unexpected Visitor," Messrs. Gladwell Brothers, of Gracechurch Street, have published a large mezzotint by Mr. C. Alais, after Mr. Stanley Berkeley's very funny picture, representing a pig looking in on a litter of foxhound puppies, which scatter in all directions, tumbling over each other. A cat and other accessories are in the background. Messrs. Gladwell have sent us an artist's proof, and we can testify to the extreme delicacy of the impression. Certainly mezzotint lends itself admirably to the delineation of animal life. As usual in Mr. Stanley Berkeley's work, the fun is very spontaneous, and as simple as in a vignette by Bewick.

MEMOIR OF PRINCIPAL TULLOCH.*

THE life of the late Principal Tulloch, of which Mrs. Oliphant has given a very interesting and, on the whole, a very excellent account, was in all respects but one a very fortunate and happy life. If it had not been for the singular and distressing mental disease, the *nigra unde lethargi*, which repeatedly attacked him during his last twenty or twenty-five years, and in the midst of an attack of which his days closed, he might be said to have been an exceptionally lucky man. That he was a very amiable one every one who ever had anything to do with him will probably admit; that he was able and accomplished few will deny. But it is quite certain that many men at least as able and as accomplished as he never attain to anything like the position which, as a very young man, he attained without, as far as can be seen, any very particular antecedent claim to it. He was hard-worked, no doubt; all men not born to fortune, and some so born, are hard-worked in these days. But his work, at the hardest-worked time of his life, was a trifle to that of a successful lawyer or a journalist in full employ. And he constantly took holidays which for almost any professional man, except a Scotch professor, are simply impossible. He was extremely fortunate in his domestic relations, and even the strange fits of melancholia, which from time to time beset him, seem to have been in part the reaction of an exceptionally buoyant temperament. Lastly, though no doubt he never made a very great deal of money, he always seems to have had as much money as he wanted.

The presence of a certain amount of distinct good luck in his life is made more evident by the fact that there was nothing in the origins or beginning of it which smoothed his way to fortune. He was a member of a respectable family, and the son of a parish minister; but he seems to have had no particularly influential relations or patrons, and he was educated almost entirely at the smallest and poorest of Scotch Universities, St. Andrews. He fell in love when he was twenty, and married when he was little more than twenty-one, on next to nothing at all—a proceeding which makes Mrs. Oliphant's hair stand on end. Much as is talked about imprudent marriages, it would probably be found that, if there was nothing more imprudent than marriage in the world, that world would jog along pretty fairly. But certainly Tulloch strained imprudence to nearly the uttermost. The fact of the coincidence of his ordination with the time when half the livings in the Scotch Kirk were vacant, owing to the Disruption, was a huge stroke of pure luck in his favour, and it is very curious to read of the not unimportant town of Arbroath, and the still more important town of Dundee, fighting with each other for the ministrations of a just ordained stripling of two-and-twenty. Evil fortune seemed for a moment to have her innings in a characteristic, a very disgraceful and, as it turned out, an illegal reduction of his salary by a Free Kirk majority in the Town Council. But so little serious inconvenience did this cause him, that he was soon able to take a three months' holiday in Germany. Very soon a translation to the rural living of Kettins gave him not, indeed, much more money, but much more leisure, and a far more agreeable home. And then he came in for two thick slices of good luck. The Burnett prizes, once in forty years during the first half of this century, till they were engulphed in one of our senseless University Commission reforms, put substantial sums of money at the disposal of lucky essay-writers. Tulloch did not get the first prize of eighteen hundred pounds, but he did get the second of six hundred, with another couple of hundred added for the copyright of the successful essay. Then came the incident most like a novel of all—his appointment "by mistake" at the age of thirty-two to the Principalship and Primarius-Professorship combined of St. Mary's College in his own University. We do not at the moment remember any similar example to this, the details of which may be found in the book. It turned out, as it happened, a very good appointment, but that had nothing to do with the luck as far as Tulloch was concerned. Thus at thirty-two John Tulloch was provided with a small but expensible income, a charming house, a position of little work, considerable authority, and great *agrémens*, and a very considerable lump sum of ready money such as fate and University Commissioners have decreed

shall never be awarded again to any one. He held his Principalship for more than thirty years, and by degrees added other appointments to it, some of which brought him in close contact with Her Majesty the Queen, and secured her personal favour. He did a good deal of literary work, always with brightness and ability, but with a certain superficiality about which Mrs. Oliphant, though from an odd phrase or two let slip here and there she seems not to be unaware of it, says as little as possible. He made constant visits to London, and some to the Continent. A few extracts will show amusingly the strong, but not in the least offensive, egotism of the man. Thus he and Professor Ferrier made a visit just thirty years ago to Oxford. Here is this rich note:—

After breakfast we went to hear Mr. Mansel deliver his concluding Bampton Lecture; but the heat was unendurable and the lecture vigorous, but rather heavy and stale logic; wit not brighter certainly, nor intellect more powerful, than in Scotland; but yet in so much richer material you think they ought to be better.

Now Ferrier was undoubtedly, if any one was, Mansel's equal as a metaphysician, but he is not the speaker, and to compare Tulloch either in "wit," "intellect," or "logic," to the author of *Prolegomena Logica* and the *Phronisterion* would be to compare North Berwick Law to Cader Idris. Here is another still more amusing:—

I felt lonely coming away here by myself, with all my bright dreams darkened, but I boldly ordered as good a dinner and bottle of wine as the carte provided, and have done the best I could to both. As I entered the dining-room, I found Merivale the historian and Roundell Palmer sitting together. I announced to the former the result. "Ah," the latter said, "then there must have been a large House." They show no emotion, these beggars, at anything. And no doubt their mode of life enables them to take things coolly.

Mrs. Oliphant herself, as is natural, is sufficiently amused at Tulloch's wrath with poor Lord Selborne and his companion for being unaffected at the rejection of a Bill which, speaking plainly, affected himself, because it involved a loss of 750*l.* a year to him.

Some Scotch readers of this book have, we believe, expressed annoyance that Mrs. Oliphant has not given sufficient space, or treated with due reverence or gusto, the intestine disputes of the Scottish Kirk, in which Tulloch, both as a Broad Church theologian and as an official of the Assembly, was much engaged. We hardly think that this shortcoming, if shortcoming it is, will do the volume much harm as an abiding biography. But we are not quite so sure that some further omissions would not have improved it. It was perfectly pardonable for Tulloch in private letters to call Mr. Stopford Brooke "conceited," and Lord Randolph Churchill a "brat." But we do not think that his biographer had any right to print the expressions, the latter of which was used, so to speak, but the other day. And there is another matter which, though perhaps it was one of some difficulty, she has not handled quite according to knowledge. It would appear that Dr. Tulloch's friends associated his first attack of melancholia in 1863 with certain criticisms on his scholarship and literary ability which were made by a now dead newspaper, the *Edinburgh Courier*, then directed by a now dead man, Mr. James Hannay. The circumlocution and apparent reluctance with which the biographer approaches the matter would seem to show that she feels the delicacy of the ground. However, she describes Mr. Hannay as "an exceptionally clever man of letters, himself of the very essence of what has been called the Cockney school, and out of his element in the Northern capital," but "a good scholar with all the minutiae of English classical training at his finger-ends." The praise and the blame of this seem to be almost equally inappropriate to a man who, though undoubtedly "an exceptionally clever man of letters" and a "scholar," was of the purest Scotch extraction, and had received his training in the Royal navy. If a Scotchman who has been a midshipman may not rebuke false quantities and misquotations in another Scotchman who is Principal of a college, when the Principal is wrong and the ex-midshipman is right, without being called a "Cockney" and accused by insinuation of being a pedant, things have surely come to a pretty pass. That Mr. Hannay, a Tory, carrying out the traditions of that Blackwood school which Mrs. Oliphant admires so much, and which he represented far more than any "Cockney school," was determined that a Whig dog like the Principal should not soon hear the last, or the least, of his scholarly peccadillos is exceedingly probable; but neither "Cockneyism," which Mrs. Oliphant openly charges, nor the pock-pudding pride of Oxford and Cambridge pedantry, which she insinuates, could have had anything to do with the matter. It is to the last degree to be regretted, no doubt, that the railway fell on so thin a skin. Many of us have been accused by persons far less competent, and in organs much more widely read, of every literary sin; and probably none of us like it. But surely a man need not go half mad on the subject, especially when he holds situations which make him perfectly secure against such criticism.

Putting aside this melancholy affair, and the more melancholy relapses which followed later (one of them, it would seem, partly brought on by fretting over the very partial success of Tulloch's gallant attempt to fish up *Fraser's Magazine* from the depths), the book is, as we have said, a lively and interesting account of a busy and blameless life, filled with friendship, with affairs, with the frequenting of many men's company. Certainly, whatever happened to him at the hands of Mr. Hannay and the *Courant*, Principal Tulloch was not, as a rule, hardly treated by critics.

* *Memoir of Principal Tulloch.* By Mrs. Oliphant. London and Edinburgh: Blackwood. 1888.

He even wished (rather rashly, considering his admitted sensitiveness) that this periodical would "attack" his *Rational Theology*. It seems, therefore (for we confess forgetfulness), that we did not attack it; though, if we did not, it was certainly not for want of vulnerable points in a book which, though very readable and stimulating, is strangely wanting in adequate and accurate knowledge of the period with which it deals. We may end with another notice of the *Saturday Review*, which is interesting in more ways than one:—

I do not know if you have seen the new weekly, entitled the "Saturday Review." I have heard it said that Gladstone has to do with it—the matter reads as if he and his party had, in literature as well as in politics. I ordered the first four numbers, in one of which Professor Ferrier's book is reviewed.* The periodical is too good and genteel to have a circulation sufficient to pay, and hence I think it will not last long.

* The following extract from a letter of Professor Ferrier on the same subject is amusing: "I have just heard, on the best authority, that the article on Fraser, in the 'Saturday Review,' was written by — at the instigation of the editor, on account of the latter's hostility to Blackwood, in order to depreciate me. An atheist butters a drone at my expense, because a London editor hates an Edinburgh publisher. Can anything be funnier?" This shows, at least, the opinion entertained by men of letters among themselves of the sincerity of critics and the genuineness of reviews. Let us hope that things have improved now.

So, it will be seen, we began early to be heterobiographed. By the way, those first four numbers (or rather the first five) are the same of which, according to Thackeray's published letters, Mr. Thackeray, after paying Sir William Harcourt for them, received only the first. Again we ask Sir William, *Where are those two shillings?*

STORIES.*

THE Romance of a Shop opens with a vivid description of a house and garden on Campden Hill, once a bright happy home, now in the forlorn condition of being "To be Let," and the equally forlorn condition of four orphan girls, who had been "overtaken by an unforeseen calamity, a sudden loss of fortune, immediately followed by the sudden death of the father, crushed by the cruel blow that had fallen on him." Their one idea, when the story opens, is how to gain their own livelihood; and, having already taken up photography as an amusement, they settle, much to the dissatisfaction of an aunt with a vulgar soul and a narrow mind, to be professional photographers, and take a studio in Upper Baker Street, where, what with good-natured admirers and good luck, they, after a short time of anxiety and uphill work, end by succeeding very well. The histories of their various vicissitudes and their love affairs are well and vividly told. To be interesting nowadays every romance seems bound to have something disagreeably exciting in it, and Miss Amy Levy has made the youngest, prettiest, and apparently most innocent of the orphan girls her victim to the disagreeable part of her book. However, all comes right in the end. The other sisters marry, and the poor little one that has been led astray dies. The story is very well told, with occasional touches of real humour.

Blue Lights is a book full of exciting incidents, with a vivid description of the war in the Sudan. There is also a pretty love-story going through, and much that is most interesting and touching about Miss Sarah Robinson, "The Soldier's Friend," and her home, "The Sailor's Welcome." In fact, Mr. Ballantyne in his preface says:—"I have to thank Miss Sarah Robinson, of Portsmouth, 'The Soldier's Friend,' for kindly furnishing me with much of the information incorporated in this story." He also says:—"My thanks are also due to Richard Stevens, late Private Royal Marine Light Infantry, for his kindness in placing at my disposal his journal kept while in Egypt and the Sudan, from which many of the most stirring incidents of the tale have been gathered. It may be well to add that most of the important incidents herein narrated are facts, and nearly all the remainder are founded on fact. It is hoped, therefore, that the story will contribute towards a just conception of a true and interesting subject." Miss Sarah Robinson has so much to do with many of the incidents in the story, that it is as well to give an outline of what she does for our soldiers and sailors. She, with the help of Emily Lady Milbanke, has instituted "The Soldier's Institute," in High Street, Portsmouth, "The Sailor's Welcome," at Portsea, "The Blue Ribbon Coffee Tavern," at Portsmouth, as well as a coffee shed. The influence which Miss Sarah Robinson has over all she has to do with is plainly set forth in *Blue Lights*.

The heroine of the prettily told story entitled *A Hard-won Victory* is a girl of twenty-six, who, after her father and mother's death, lived with an old grandfather. When the old man died,

although he left her independent as far as money was concerned, Jean Ornsby took the wise resolution of doing something more than "just live." "I want to do something with my life, to be of some use to somebody, to be helpful in some way to others. Why should I be idle when I so want to be useful?" She goes to be companion to an old lady, Mrs. Vanboorsh, and finds the task far more difficult than she imagined. She is impulsive and quick-tempered, and putting up with the old lady's tart remarks is a thing she is not quick in learning. However, the "hard-won victory" is in conquering herself; and this she succeeds in doing in every way, though it nearly costs her her life and breaks her heart. Altogether *A Hard-won Victory* is a charming book for girls.

Mrs. Dimsdale's Grandchildren is an amusing account of a party of cousins—children, of course—who all meet at their grandmother's house to spend Christmas. The practical jokes will be dangerously fascinating to boys, and the "Theatrical Mania," with all its attendant fun and difficulties, is certainly not exaggerated.

Brave Little Women consists of tales of the heroism of girls founded on fact. These heroic girls have wonderful and horrible adventures which will make any young woman who reads the book thankful that she cannot be counted among them.

Red Herring; or, Allie's Little Blue Shoes is a very morbid, sad little story of a boy who has no mother, a father who is generally at sea, and a little sister whom he takes as great care of as if he was her nurse, and who has a great deal to put up with from a scolding woman who is by way of looking after them. There are harrowing accounts of Allie, the little sister's death, of "Red Herring's" going to sea with his father, of his getting lost when on shore looking on at a fair, of his being stolen, and of all the wretchedness he went through—in fact, one is thankful to come to a safe ending to all this misery.

THE HISTORY OF AUSTRALIAN EXPLORATION.*

THE quest of new lands has been in every age of the world the chief incentive to great deeds. To go where no one has been before, to be the first to tread on unknown earth, to sail on an unknown sea, to see strange men and strange forms of life—this is the true heroic curiosity which, except a people have, it cannot be great. Whether religion or science, or the spirit of adventure, or the lust of gold, or the thirst for dominion be the motive, this is the true knight-errantry which leads to empire. Whether noble or impure, the rage for discovery is a virile impulse, the story of whose achievements is the romance of the world; which is the best of all reading, the most wholesome, and the most fascinating. Nor is there any chapter of it which should be more attractive to Englishmen than that which relates to the discovery and exploration of Australia.

The story of the exploration of Australia is told with abundant enthusiasm and diligence by Mr. Favenc, who, if he has a somewhat unmanageable pen, and is a little partial to his own colony of New South Wales, has, with creditable industry, brought together, for the first time, all the records of Australian adventure from the earliest times to the present date. The subject naturally divides itself into two parts—the discoveries by sea which heralded the British occupation, and the explorations by land after the first British colony had been planted. The earliest known visitors of any European nation to the Australian seas were the Spaniards, who, in 1605, under De Quiros and Torres, his lieutenant, were the first to sight any portion of the Australian coast. De Quiros was probably inspired by the hope of rivaling the glories of Cortes and of Pizarro, and discovering fruitful lands, with cities of men skilled in the arts, and temples blazing with barbaric gold. He died before he reached the coast, and his lieutenant, who has left his name to the Straits separating Australia from New Guinea, does not seem ever to have landed; but he reports seeing men "black, naked, and corpulent" on the beach, who were not attractive enough to tempt further intercourse. It was De Quiros who gave the land the name of Australia del Espíritu Santo. Just a century before this the French, according to a wild legend, based chiefly on a chart, of which the original is in the British Museum, are said to have visited the north and east coasts of Australia, giving it the name of Jave la Grande. But the chart is obviously a work of pure fancy, such as the primitive geographers loved to draw "to fill up gaps"; nor is there any value to be attached to the tradition that Captain Cook was guided by these early French charts to the eastern shore of New Holland. The identity of Coste des Herbaiges and Coste Dangereuse with Botany Bay and Danger Inlet has been pointed out in proof of this theory, but any one who has ever visited Botany Bay will know the absurdity of supposing that it was so called after its wealth of natural herbage. It was so named by Banks, not because it was rich in vegetation, but rich in new objects of botanical interest. That the Dutch from a very early period were acquainted with the existence of a great land to the south is beyond a doubt; but their constant policy was to keep all their discoveries secret, so that their maritime rivals might not be tempted into those seas to disturb their monopoly in the Eastern Archipelago. Individual voyages, however,

* *The History of Australian Exploration, from 1783 to 1883.* By Ernest Favenc. Sydney: Turner & Henderson. 1888.

The Romance of a Shop. By Amy Levy. London: T. Fisher Unwin. 1888.

Blue Lights; or, Hot Work in the Sudan. By R. M. Ballantyne. London: Nisbet & Co. 1888.

A Hard-won Victory. By Grace Denis Litchfield. New York & London: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1888.

Mrs. Dimsdale's Grandchildren. By M. and C. Lee. London: National Society's Depository. 1888.

Brave Little Women. By Marie Trevelyan. With Illustrations by H. W. Petherick. London: John Hogg. 1888.

Red Herring; or, Allie's Little Blue Shoes. A Tale for Young Readers. By Frances Armstrong. Illustrated by E. L. Thomas. London: John Hogg. 1888.

were made to northern and western coasts, which established the general outlines of the new land from Arnhem's Land to Cape Leeuwin, which during the seventeenth century and the greater portion of the eighteenth was called *New Holland*, in contradistinction to *Terra Australis*, which included the eastern and undiscovered territory. The number of Dutch names dotting the coastline on the west testify to the frequent visits paid by the navigators of that nation to these seas. They do not, however, seem to have landed anywhere except for water, and their opinion of the land, and especially of the natives, was highly unflattering. "Everywhere shallow waters and barren coasts, islands thinly peopled by divers cruel, poor, and brutal nations, and of very little use to the Dutch East India Company"; such is the general report. The first Englishman to land in Australia was William Dampier, in 1688. He came with a crew of buccaneers and spent a month refitting on the west coast. Eleven years afterwards he came again in the *Roebuck*, a Government ship, and has left a minute and graphic account of his adventures, in which are included many strange stories of the animals he found, and the usual unhandsome report of the natives. After him was a long interval, till Captain Cook made his memorable first voyage, which settled for the first time the question of whether New Holland was an island, or, at least, the question of its relation to New Guinea or to any of the known islands of the Archipelago. Captain Cook is our true English Columbus, and something more—the bloodless *Conquistador*, whose name stands the first, without equal or second, on the roll of maritime explorers. He was the true discoverer of Australia; for he it was who first made known its worth as a land fit for the habitation of white men. Flinders comes after him, who supplemented and verified many of Cook's discoveries, and whose unhappy fate, as a prisoner for six years in a French gaol at Mauritius, is an everlasting blot on France and her pretended chivalry. The jealousy with which the French viewed the progress of the English settlement of Australia—which is a part of his subject too lightly touched by Mr. Favenc—led to the despatch of two formidable expeditions, under D'Entrecasteaux and Baudin, with the ostensible object of looking for La Pérouse, but really to spy the coasts and discover a site for a colony. Fortunately for the peace and unity of Australia, however, the French were found to be as susceptible on the score of the aboriginal want of beauty as the Dutch had been before them. And, when the history of the vanishing Australian race is written, this one service of theirs in the cause of humanity must at least be recorded, that by their blackness, their nakedness, and their general unloveliness they scared off the intruding foreigner and kept the country for England.

The second branch of his subject—the exploration of the interior of Australia—comprises by far the larger portion of Mr. Favenc's book. The continent having been acquired, in some casual and happy-go-lucky way, by England, the next step was to investigate the character of the country, with reference to its capabilities for settlement. On this point the opinions of the early pioneers—even of those who had some experience of the interior—were for a long time singularly unfavourable. The greater part of the land was believed to be unfit for the habitation of man; and, even when it was proved that it was adapted for the pasturing of sheep and cattle, it was held that it would never be fit for agriculture—an opinion which has survived almost to the present day, the source of unspeakable political and social troubles. The first attempts to penetrate the not very formidable chain of hills by which the settlement of New South Wales was bounded on the west were strangely unfortunate. At last a party under the afterwards famous William Wentworth—who united in himself the twin characters of the founder of his country's liberties and enlarger of its bounds—pierced the Blue Mountains and laid open a vast new area for settlement. The overland enterprises of Oxley, Hume, and Hovell made known the fertile districts of the north and south. In 1828 Captain Sturt, perhaps the greatest of all the inland discoverers for mingled sagacity, intrepidity, and endurance, set out on the first of his expeditions—expeditions as unlucky for himself as fortunate and useful for his successors. A persistent evil star attended all the enterprises of Sturt, and there is no more pathetic chapter in the history of the explorers than that which records his continuous failures. There never were such droughts as those that followed his starting. The rivers were never so dry, the plains so grassless, as when he found them. If there was a piece of rocky desert bad for travelling, poor Sturt was sure to run up against it. Yet, in spite of all his disasters and his reverses, Sturt, almost as much by what he did not discover as by what he did, did knight's service in the cause of geographical science. He was the first to grasp the idea, as he was the first to prove the fact, of the great river-system of the interior. More fortunate than Sturt was Mitchell, who was first to reach what was then called Australia Felix, now the colony of Victoria, by land. The adventures of Grey and of Eyre (now Sir George Grey, of New Zealand, and late Governor Eyre of Jamaica) along the southern coasts were among the most difficult and perilous of all, and attended with scarcely any but negative results. Eyre actually started on his dangerous expedition along the Great Australian Bight, from Adelaide to King George's Sound, in order practically to demonstrate his preconceived opinion of the waterlessness of this country; and nearly perished of his triumph. On the south the German explorer, Leichhardt, favoured by a well-watered and easy country, was able to make some valuable

discoveries, which greatly extended the area of settlement. His second journey, however, was a failure, attended by circumstances which proved him undeserving of the fame which the tragical and mysterious issue of his third attempt has won for him. Kennedy's expedition also ended in a tragedy, with the pathetic episode of poor Jacky Jacky and his simple devotion—"He then fell back and died" (said this rare aboriginal in telling his story), "and I caught him as he fell back, and held him, and then I turned round myself and cried." It is to the labours of A. C. Gregory, in 1849 and 1850—continued to 1861—that we owe the chief part of our knowledge of this northern territory, destined to be the seat, before many years, of a new development of Australian enterprise. Among the chief perils to be encountered in the tropical jungles of Northern Queensland, and the region which we are compelled to call Northern South Australia, are two deadly vegetables—the terrible "lawyer-vine" (*Calamus Australis*) and the stinging-tree. The first has a way—to which, doubtless, it is indebted for its name—of clinging on to you with long hooks and spurs, after having got round a number of trees in the scrub. The second has broad leaves, the contact with which so maddens a horse that he dies from fever and inflammation.

The tale of discovery is brought down by Mr. Favenc to our own times, and includes the ill-fated journey of Burke and Wills across the continent in 1860, and Stuart's parallel expedition a few months later, from Adelaide. The last was, perhaps, the best organized and the most successful of all the enterprises of a similar character, while geographically it was the most important. To Burke, however, to whom Mr. Favenc is scarcely fair, must be accorded the honour of having been the first to cross the continent. It is true that the expedition was in every way most wretchedly organized and conducted. Burke himself had no qualification for the task so unwisely laid before him, except that of personal courage. Yet he did what he undertook to do. He touched the northern shore at the Gulf of Carpentaria, and he came back within three days of the appointed time of his return—to find the relieving party gone, with all the clothing and the provisions. Mr. Favenc is rightly indignant at the conduct of this, the most costly and ill-managed of all the expeditions; but he does something less than justice to the poor victims, while he has not a word of reproach for those who deserted and betrayed them. In other respects we have found him accurate and judicious, with a great deal of information in his book which is nowhere else attainable in so compact a form, and a wealth of maps, charts, and appendices.

THE ART AND MYSTERY OF THOUGHT-READING.*

"BEHOLD, I tell you a story of marvels!" says, in effect, Mr. Stuart Cumberland; "read on and wonder." But somehow the marvels do not come, and wonderment grows tired of standing on the tiptoe of expectation. Of the inner mysteries of thought-reading, if any there be, Mr. Cumberland tells us nothing; but about himself it is another matter. Every man is absorbed more or less in his own personality; and in the case of Mr. Cumberland the absorption is more rather than less. We never quite realized before what a fine fellow this is; how full of jest, how susceptible to the finer influences, how free from vanity, how merciful and considerate to the many thought-readers who have not the happiness to be named Stuart Cumberland. It was once said of a famous lady that to know her was a liberal education. That is exactly the case with this book. It contains pretty much all that man or woman can want; a whole code of ethics, a complete guide to deportment, instruction in the art of making yourself at home in the presence of exalted personages, and lessons of noble magnanimity in refusing offers of 400*l.* a night to perform in drawing-rooms. But it must in justice be granted that Mr. Cumberland, with his pretty little vanities, is vastly entertaining reading. He has surprised the thoughts of half the imperial, royal, and noble personages in Europe. It is true that he has not divined any State secrets; but, then, the drawback of thought-reading is that the practitioner can read only the thoughts which the victim is willing to have interpreted. The details of his experiments are nearly always interesting, despite their sameness. The eternal hiding of pins, and such like, becomes monotonous after a time; and the volatile reader sighs for variety. In his remarks upon the exalted personages whose princely hands he has clasped in many a mad hunt after pins in the upstairs and downstairs of historic palaces, Mr. Cumberland is frankly cynical, but, it must be admitted, intensely patriotic. Of the wily Muscovite, of whom he appears to have seen a little too much for his comfort, he has nothing that is good to say; and he gives a very amusing example of the graceful lying of General Ignatieff. He is almost as frank about Mr. Gladstone himself as about that politician's Russian friends; and there is one sentence in the book for which Mr. Cumberland may be forgiven all his lady-like airs and all his superior graces. "I cannot help thinking," he says, "without wishing, of course, to be in the least disrespectful, that, if Mr. Gladstone had not been a politician, his natural gifts might have broken out in the direction of mes-

* *A Thought-Reader's Thoughts; being the Impressions and Confessions of Stuart Cumberland.* London: Sampson Low & Co.

merism." The spectacle of Mr. Gladstone on a platform putting mesmeric "subjects" through a series of antics is entertaining, but not very novel, since he has often been seen performing very much in that kind of way. It is, too, a performance in which he excels far beyond any other living practitioner.

Before he became a thought-reader Mr. Stuart Cumberland had a distinguished career as a shower-up of Spiritualism. Many is the unlucky "spirit" who must have wished that, as was prophesied of the magistrate before whom the Artful Dodger was haled, he had got his footman to hang him up to his own hat-peg before coming out to try it on with Mr. Cumberland. Some of them he squirted with liquid cochineal; others (in bare feet) he subjected to the ordeal by tin-tacks; and he appears to have been legitimately astonished at the rich resources of profanity possessed by these ghostly visitors. Nothing, he says, is easier than to become a "rapping medium." It all depends upon the cultivation of the great toe. When you have learned to snap the joint of that toe you can produce any number of "spirit raps" that may be required; and if you are a lady and wear a long dress, the movements of your feet will be effectually concealed. Mr. Cumberland does not like people who disagree with him; and he is particularly severe upon the abandoned persons who seek to baffle him when he is performing experiments. But what is the use of thought-reading if it only enables you to find out something very definite upon which the subject concentrates his thoughts? If the thought-reader could discover things which the thinker would prefer to keep to himself his "gift" would have something in it. For the rest, Mr. Cumberland is modest. He is good enough not to claim any supernatural power; and he is very angry with a number of wicked creatures (he says they were all Jews, which is very unkind) who have at various times personated him on the Continent, and have given entertainments in which they descanted at large upon their supernatural knowledge. More often they have contented themselves with issuing advertisements and selling tickets in advance, and incontinently disappearing in quite a supernatural way. But Mr. Cumberland says he has now retired from business, with something in the nature of a fortune (all made out of thought-reading), and the wicked personators trouble him no longer.

SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS.*

THE Life of Sir W. Siemens is the most interesting book of the kind that we have read since Nasmyth's delightful autobiography. As Mr. Pole reminds us, "the interest of the life of an engineer will be found to lie, not only in the personal character and doings of the individual, but also to a large extent in the nature of his occupations"; and he proceeds to point out that "the term engineer is popularly supposed to denote a person who has to do with engines; but this is a fallacy. The true derivation of the word is of a much higher and more honourable character. Littre has shown that its root is to be found in the Sanscrit *jam*, to be born, from which came the Greek form *γινω* and the Latin *gen*. The latter entered into the French language in the form of a verb, *s'ingénier*, which all the best authorities agree to be the true origin of the word 'engineer.' The meaning of this French verb is stated to be 'chercher dans son génie, dans son esprit, quelque moyen pour réussir.' Thus we arrive at the interesting and certainly little known fact that an engineer is, according to the strict derivation of the term, one who seeks in his mind in order to discover some means of succeeding in a difficult task which he may have to perform." Though we may be allowed to doubt how far this definition would apply to all persons who write C.E. after their names, there can be no question as to its propriety when applied to Sir W. Siemens, whose entire life was passed in "seeking in his mind" for the means of accomplishing some task or other, and who seems only to have ceased to invent when he ceased to live.

William, or, as he was originally named, Carl Wilhelm Siemens, was born in 1823. He was the seventh son of a well-educated North-German farmer, who had, however, no pretensions to scientific knowledge, nor any acquaintance with the subjects on which his sons made themselves so famous. Of his father we here read just enough to make us wish to know more; but his influence over William's life could not have been extensive, as he died not twelve months after the death of his beloved wife in January 1840. Left an orphan thus early, William was brought up chiefly under the care of his eldest brother Werner, then a lieutenant of artillery in the Prussian army, who even then was deep in chemistry and electricity, and was preparing to found the firm which, still under its original name of "Siemens and Halske," has become at the present day one of the chief centres for the application of electricity and magnetism to the industrial arts. Under the management of his brother, William studied to such good effect that he produced his first invention in 1842, when he was nineteen years old, and the following year he arrived in England with an invention in electro-plating to dispose of. He afterwards described his first experience of London in the following words:—

I expected to find some office in which inventions were examined into,

* *The Life of Sir William Siemens, F.R.S., &c.* By W. Pole. London: John Murray.

and rewarded if found meritorious, but no one could direct me to such a place. In walking along Finsbury Pavement I saw written up in large letters "So-and-So" (I forget the name), "Undertaker," and the thought struck me that this must be the place I was in quest of; at any rate, I thought that a person advertising himself as an "Undertaker" would not refuse to look at my invention, with the view of obtaining for me the sought-for recognition or reward. On entering the place...

However, in spite of this disappointment, he did manage to meet Messrs. Elkington, to whom he sold his invention, and returned to Germany "a comparative Cressus." Thenceforth his career in life was fixed. He was an "inventor."

His path at first was a somewhat thorny one. Messrs. Elkington's subsidy did not last long; and an inventor, whether successful or not, must always spend money freely. He has nothing but his own convictions to sustain him, and may be thankful if the attitude of his relations towards him, when they see him apparently throwing away sums which might have ensured him a comfortable maintenance, does not resemble that of Bernard Palissy's wife, when she beheld her husband flinging chairs and tables, nay, doors and window-frames, into the furnace in which his "invention" lay baking. The inventor may know and feel that he is right, but he cannot convince his friends save by success; and when, having spent all his own money, he proceeds to borrow largely, their despair is not unreasonable. No wonder that Werner writes:—"Sister Mathilde complains bitterly and loudly over our speculation, which she considers already totally lost." Werner himself, that self-reliant young head of the family, was kept by these inventions—his brother's and his own—"in a perpetual money-famine," and, besides the care of his young brothers, was ever and anon troubled with rumours of wars in those unquiet times before '48—"Danish fleet in Kiel Bay," "Fortification of Eckernförde"—and such like hindrances to the business of his life. That business was at last entered upon in earnest. In 1846 Werner writes:—"I feel that I have a call to take up its organization (electricity), now in its infancy." William was now in England, producing inventions with wonderful rapidity, and gradually winning for himself a recognized position as an engineer. He devoted much time at this period to what he called the "Regenerative Principle," which may be explained by reference to the ordinary respirator worn by consumptive persons. "A pierced metallic plate is placed over the mouth, and when the warm breath is exhaled its heat is taken up by the metal, so that in the following inhalation the cold air passing in the reverse direction through the pierced plate picks up again the heat stored therein, and so becomes warmed before entering the lungs." The application of this principle to furnaces is obvious; indeed, the original idea was patented many years before W. Siemens; but it was reserved for him to carry it out, in spite of many failures, and the wide success which it afterwards attained justified his confidence. Of his beautiful water-meter, his manufacture of steel, his telegraph cable (in laying one of which his brother Werner and Mr. R. S. Newall were wrecked in the Red Sea), we have here no room to speak. "His range," as Sir Harry Lefroy said of him at the United Service Institution, "has gone over subjects as various as the setting of type, and the measure of the depths of the ocean. No man has left his mark more deeply on the conditions of modern life; when we travel by the railway we pass over Siemens's steel rails; our ships are made of Siemens's steel, and are guided down the Channel by the light which he placed on the Lizard; we read books at the British Museum, we see the *Yeomen of the Guard* at the Savoy, by his electric light; we receive our news through his submarine cables; and, had he been spared longer to us, he would probably have influenced our lives still more. In 1878 he showed, in a lecture at Glasgow, that a coil of platinum-wire may be made to boil water in the course of a minute or two by closing the electric circuit through it, and observed:—"Who knows whether, in the electrical age towards which we seem to be gravitating, the apparatus before you may not be the common coffee-machine of the day?" Sir W. Thomson, when some one asked him whether "your scientific people cannot save us from those black and yellow City fogs?" replied:—"Sir W. Siemens is going to do it; and I hope that if we live a few years longer, we shall have seen the last of them." Electric railways are another application of his favourite power, which he did not live long enough to develop; and it is a curious proof of his "many-sidedness" that he carefully investigated the effect of the electric light upon vegetation, and came to the conclusion that crops might be forced by its means. It is known that a leading gas engineer, between whom and Siemens a friendly rivalry existed, received from him a melon which had ripened by the electric light alone, without having ever seen the sun. Had he but lived, he would have certainly given us electric engines for use on the Metropolitan Railway, for when the line was made he wrote:—"It seems to me almost a pity that on the Embankment there should be made that series of unsightly and noisy ventilators to disembarass the underground railway of steam and products of combustion, when it can be clearly demonstrated that electric propulsion would, for such lines, be not only the most agreeable, but also the cheapest mode of traction."

There is no subject so attractive as the happy successful life of a clever man; and in private life Sir W. Siemens was able to play as heartily as he could work. At his pretty house near Tunbridge Wells he had a dynamo-electric machine, with which he seems to have done all the work of the house—

lighting, sawing, chaff-cutting, water-pumping; while he was always ready to descend from his lofty heights and lecture at literary institutions, preside at charity dinners, and give away prizes to boys and girls in country schools.

HISTORY OF MATHEMATICS.*

THIS excellent summary of the history of mathematics supplies a want which has long been felt in this country. The extremely difficult question, how far such a work should be technical, has been solved with great tact. A history of any science which omits all technical details is unintelligible, while one which gives a continuous examination of the labours of each discoverer in so wide a field is impracticable. For restricted subjects thoroughly full and critical histories, like Todhunter's of the Calculus of Variations, of the theory of Probability and of that of Attraction, are most valuable guides both to the learner and the investigator; but the length of the books mentioned shows how impossible it would be to write a history of mathematics in general on the same plan.

The author divides his subject into three parts—(1) The History of Mathematics under Greek Influence; (2) that of the Mathematics of the Middle Ages and Renaissance; and (3) that of those of Modern Times down to the death of Laplace, to which he adds a chapter on the Mathematics of Recent Times. The first part, which is admirably lucid and complete, includes a sketch of Egyptian Mathematics and of the practical Arithmetic of the Greeks and Romans, as well as a very judicious vindication of Euclid as the text-book of Elementary Geometry. The next, which is equally well written, embraces a preliminary view of Hindoo and Arab Mathematics and a history of the Decimal Notation. It also contains a very able summary of the early history of the Universities, as the previous portion does of that of the analogous institutions of classical times. In the third division Mr. Ball traces the progressive applications and extensions of Algebra, which are the characteristic feature of modern mathematics. He adopts and defends the English view of the controversy as to the claims of Newton and Leibnitz to the discovery of the Infinitesimal Calculus. In his account of the *Principia* he points out the interesting fact that Newton's discoveries were made by the modern methods and afterwards translated into the language of geometry.

In his account of the revival of analysis at Cambridge after the close of the long French war, he names Babbage, Herschel, Peacock, and Hamilton (the late Dean of Salisbury), but makes no mention of Whewell or Airy, the writers who introduced the Continental method of treating physical subjects into this country, and of whom the first certainly worked in conjunction with Herschel, to whom he wrote in November 1818 (midway between the publication of the translation of Lacroix and that of the examples), "I talk of these matters, taking for granted that you still retain some interest for your old plan of reforming the mathematics of the University," and promised a treatise on Mechanics, which was published in 1819, and of which Herschel spoke most highly (see Todhunter's *Writings and Letters of Dr. Whewell*, vol. i. p. 13). Sir George B. Airy, who was a pupil of Peacock's, published his *Tracts* in 1826, the year of the publication of Hamilton's *Conics*.

To give a view of contemporary mathematics is confessedly difficult, and it is highly creditable to the author that he has succeeded so well; still we cannot but think that, if he had distributed his subject under more heads, he would have improved this portion of his book. Subjects such as the Calculus of Operations, Spherical Harmonics, Quaternions, Local Probability, Dynamics, Hydromechanics, and Elasticity, are crowded in under other titles, and seem in consequence not to have received adequate attention. In the list, too, of "the mathematicians who have contributed most powerfully to the recent progress of mathematics" a good many important names are omitted.

In a work involving so much and such varied information some mistakes are inevitable; but it is the barest justice to say that we have found very few. In fact, the most important one is the statement that Pascal's elder sister Gilberte, Mme. Perier (who survived him, wrote his life, and died in 1687), died in 1650. The mathematics are very clear and correct; the only errors we

have noticed are (p. 350) $\pi = 8i \log \frac{1-i}{1+i}$ for $\pi = 2i \log \frac{1-i}{1+i}$; and

(p. 352) $g = G \left\{ 1 - \left(\frac{2}{3}m - e \right) \left(\frac{1}{3} - \cos^2 l \right) \right\}$, apparently for

$g = G \left\{ 1 + \left(\frac{2}{3}m - e \right) \sin^2 l \right\}$ (Pratt's *Figure of Earth*, p. 86).

Mr. Ball, too, seems to have overlooked Sir W. R. Hamilton's (*Lectures on Quaternions*, p. 611) and Professor Tait's (*Quaternions*, p. 70) explanation of the equation $\nabla^2 V = -4\pi\rho$ (see also Clerk Maxwell's *Electricity and Magnetism*, vol. i. pp. 15 and 28), when he writes (p. 385):—"Perhaps it" (the equation above) "may represent analytically some general law of nature which has not yet been reduced to words."

The work contains many valuable hints, and is thoroughly readable. The biographies, which include those of most of the

men who played important parts in the development of culture, are full and general enough to interest the ordinary reader as well as the specialist. Its value to the latter is much increased by the numerous references to authorities, a good table of contents, and a full and accurate index. In the preface Mr. Ball promises a supplement, to consist of as complete a list as possible of mathematicians, with dates of birth and death, a line to say for what each was distinguished, a list of his works, and, where possible, a reference to some authority where they are treated in detail. We confidently hope that the success of this book will be such as to encourage him to carry out this intention. When he does so, we would suggest that the notices should be somewhat fuller than he now proposes.

MISS COBBE'S TASTES.*

A SWAN, floating unusually high in the water, with an excessively long neck, encircled by a scroll bearing the cheerful legend "Moriens Cano"—such is the device wherewith it has pleased Miss Cobbe, or Messrs. Smith & Elder, to decorate the cover of the volume of essays entitled by the name of the first of them, *The Scientific Spirit of the Age*. We object to it. The poetic spirit is never wholly absent from Miss Cobbe's writings, and there is no harm in her saying that she sings. But as to her dying, that is quite another affair, and we utterly decline to recognize any such mournful contingency as being at all within the range of a present participle. There is nothing in the least moribund about these essays, or, we hope and believe, about their author. On the contrary, she and they display, along with many human weaknesses, mostly rather amiable, a sprightly vitality, which affords solid ground for the hope that a great many more like them have yet to see the light.

The book consists of six magazine articles, and the author is careful to explain that three are pleas and three are discussions. You discuss things in which you take an impartial interest, and about them you state both sides of the question that suggests itself to you. You plead on one side or the other, and if considerations on the other side or the one come into your mind you say as little about them as possible. Consequently, critics who treat your plea as if it were a discussion, and complain of its one-sidedness, show that they do not understand what they are talking about. The three pleas in the present book are—a plea against the scientific spirit of the age; a plea that good emotions are not sufficiently cultivated; and a plea that, on the whole, people at large might do much worse than become reformed Jews. The discussions are—whether it is worth while to make children do lessons; whether most people think as much or to as much purpose as some of them are supposed to suppose; and whether it is better for a virtuous, refined, and intelligent person to live in London or in the country. Naturally, the pleas are the more exciting.

The first plea, the one against the scientific spirit of the age, is the one in which Miss Cobbe's tastes and views are most deeply involved. It is, therefore, kindly, fervent, discursive, uncompromising, marked by much miscellaneous, but rather superficial, knowledge, and thoroughly feminine. Its substance is, that persons imbued with the scientific spirit which is now fashionable will deny the truth of religion, that they will view their mother's tears "as solutions of muriates and carbonates of soda and of phosphates of lime," that Mr. Darwin was largely responsible for and considerably affected by the spread of these unpleasant habits of mind, and that he felt more romantically impressed by the "grandeur of a Brazilian forest" when he was young than he supposed when he was old that he would have felt if he had happened to be in one. Also, that it makes people immodest in discussing the condition of Emperors' throats or Presidents' insides. Miss Cobbe will not allow any congruousness between science and morality, or between science and art. For instance, she says that it is impossible for the "universal human expectation of justice" to have arisen from human experience of the extremely limited amount of justice which she asserts to have prevailed in human institutions. Injustice is so much more easy to remember than justice that probably Miss Cobbe underestimates the amount of justice which has been done in historic times, but in any case she does not allow enough for the consideration that the more people suffered from injustice the more violent their longing for justice might become. As to art, she quotes "a great light of the Scientific Age," whose luminousness appears to have blinded him even to the desirableness of writing grammar, for he is reported to have said that, on his first visit to the Vatican, he "sat down before Raphael's Transfiguration and filled three pages of his note-book with his faults." The note-book is so obviously the great light's, and not Raphael's, that even the careful reader carries away the impression that the sight of that magnificent painting plunged the great light into a fit of intolerable remorse—in which case he would have been as susceptible to artistic influence as Miss Cobbe could wish; but what follows shows Miss Cobbe, at any rate, to be of opinion that it was Raphael's faults, the enumeration of which filled three of the scientific man's pages. Miss Cobbe's opinions on science generally are pretty well

* *A Short Account of the History of Mathematics*. By W. W. Rouse Ball, Fellow and Assistant-Tutor of Trinity College, Cambridge. London: Macmillan & Co. 1883.

* *The Scientific Spirit of the Age; and other Pleas and Discussions*. By Frances Power Cobbe, Author of "An Essay on Intuitive Morals" &c. London: Smith, Elder, & Co. 1883.

known, and it does not seem that they have undergone any modification. The paper on "Progressive Judaism" is rather startling. A note informs us that "it was received on its first appearance with the utmost possible disfavour by the Jewish press." No wonder. It consists of an interesting account of a movement of religious reform, chiefly noticeable hitherto among German and American Jews, of which the natural development will be, in Miss Cobbe's opinion, the ultimate establishment of some form of Judaic Deism, bearing to orthodox Judaism the same kind of relation which, according to Miss Cobbe, the religious views entertained at the end of his life by Dean Stanley may be supposed to have borne to orthodox Anglicanism. Besides this, it is to be a main feature of the new faith that it will be equally open to persons of all races, and that, as all theoretical expectation or possibility of the coming of Messiah will be abandoned, there will be no longer any reason for preserving the integrity of the Hebrew race. That some Jews should hold such views is likely enough; but why should Miss Cobbe regard them with all but enthusiastic sympathy? It is quite possible to be a colourless "theist" without being a Jew; and if nothing is required of the acolyte except theism, and an acknowledgment that the Jews abandoned Paganism sooner than other people, one does not see why he should not do that irrespective of the proceedings of the Jews. As to Miss Cobbe's "discussions," they are worth reading if you want to read that sort of thing. She describes the rival pleasures of town and country with much skill, and would appear herself to be one of the many people who like to live in town and say how charming the country is. The late Lord Beaconsfield is sometimes said to have been another.

NEW MUSIC.

WE have received from Messrs. Beal & Co. several pieces for the piano, none of which, however, are of particular merit. "The Cadet's March," by Mr. Seymour Smith, is effective; but the melody is decidedly ordinary. Mr. Michael Watson's "Ring o' Bells" is not strikingly original; but the tune is pretty. Not much can be said for his "On the Moonlit Deep," a "romance" which, however, has the merit of not being very difficult. "Far from the Heavenly Home," a song with organ accompaniment by Mr. Berthold Tours, is good, and the harmony, as usual with this composer, excellent. "In After Years" and "Four Mariners" are two very ordinary songs by Mr. M. Watson, and the same must be said of Mr. O. Barri's semi-sacred "From Dark to Dawn," which has the usual lackadaisical, mock-sentimental words about the "gleams of gold," "the weary heart," and "the eternal day."

"Jessamine," by J. E. Newell, is not particularly classical, but it serves its purpose as a school piece. "Sylvan Queen," by Theo. Bonheur, is of the same class; but an "Italian Dance," by E. Boggetti, is lively and original, as well as easy. Although the gavotte cannot be described as "a favourite drawing-room dance" in this year of grace 1888, as it was in 1815, it is, nevertheless, extremely popular for the pianoforte, and the "Coronation Gavotte," by Célian Kottaun, and the "Plantagenet Dance," by D'Auvergne Barnard, are fair specimens of what modern composers can do with the measure of this elegant dance. These pieces are published by Messrs. Somerset & Co., who also have issued recently several new songs, of which the following are by far the best:—"Nursie," by Theo. Bonheur; "The Trumpeter John," by Oscar Verne—an effective martial song; and "Light and Truth," by Vernon Rey, a semi-sacred song of considerable merit. "Cloudland" is a bright waltz by Theo. Bonheur, and "The Grenadiers" is a brisk polka-march (♯) by the same composer, the cover of which is embellished by an excellent likeness of Lieutenant Dan Godfrey, to whom it is dedicated.

Messrs. E. Ascherberg & Co. have recently published some excellent light pianoforte music by Signor Guido Papini, of which "Sérénade Italienne," "Dolce far Niente," and "Lily of the Valley," are the prettiest. "Harlequin and Columbine," by Sydney Smith, is a clever piece with a catchy melody, which will be found useful and pleasant by beginners. A remarkably fine song is "Unto my Heart," by F. Allitsen, whose "Marjorie" is also an effective ballad, with a graceful accompaniment.

"Waiting for Thee," "Arabian Serenade," and "Little Lady Bountiful," by Mr. Michael Watson, are three good songs, issued by Mr. Edwin Ashdown, who also sends us "Stars of the Summer Night," by E. Davidson Palmer, which, however, does not bear comparison with Mr. Wekilin's setting of the same well-known words. Very cleverly arranged and useful for beginners are "Twenty-five Progressive Studies" for the pianoforte, by Georges Pfeiffer, intended as an introduction to the "Gradus ad Parnassum" of Clementi, and the Preludes and Fugues of J. S. Bach. They can be cordially recommended as being of the highest value and in every way admirable. Equally excellent are "Twelve Studies," by Mr. Walter Macfarren, which are most thoughtfully arranged. Useful rather to teacher than pupil are "The Diatonic and Chromatic Scales," by C. Gardner. "Fifty-five Finger Inventions," by Edwin Lott, are clever and useful studies for beginners.

M. Ben Tayoux is a composer of much originality, whose opera *Catterina*, the libretto of which is founded upon *The Taming of the Shrew*, will be heard ere long in London. One of his most

recent compositions, "Eugénie," a grande gavotte (Howard & Co.), is exceedingly graceful and elegant. It was originally called "Gavotte Favorite du Grand Roi"—a much more picturesque and courtly title than the one the English publishers have bestowed upon it.

"Sweet Sorrow," by Alwyne Peck (Weekes & Co.), is a fair specimen of the usual drawing-room song, with the usual waltz refrain—which, by the way, is becoming rather tedious by dint of over-repetition.

The London Music Publishing Co. have lately published five songs by Lancelot Martley, with words selected from Moore's melodies, which are simple and graceful, and charmingly harmonized.

To be cordially recommended for the use of very young children is the music to *A Child's Garden of Verse*, by Mary Carmichael, which are capital for both the Kindergarten and family circle. The words are easy and the music pretty, and the reverse of difficult. Very young children can soon learn these little songs by ear.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS.

III.

THERE is no sort of book better liked by children than that which offers a good round of story-telling, in which the stories are not necessarily connected, yet spring in natural succession from the main narrative. Professor A. J. Church follows this ancient and always popular method in *Three Greek Children* (Seeley & Co.), an ingenious and charming book illustrative of an Athenian household some two hundred years B.C. There never were such children for stories as Hipponax, Gorgo, and Rhodium, or such obliging story-tellers as their parents, their Spartan nurse, and the other kind folk who contribute to their amusement. Some of their stories come from Homeric sources, others refer to historic events, such as the Persian invasion, the glorious days of Marathon and Salamis, the destruction of Plataea by the Spartans—and these are recited with the persuasive art of actual survivors of those stirring times. *Three Greek Children* is appropriately illustrated after designs by Flaxman and from antique pottery. Mr. Andrew Lang's fascinating story of fairy lore and buried treasure, *The Gold of Fairmilee* (Bristol: Arrowsmith), is an agreeable reminder that the fairies were not quite so early banished from the country as Chaucer imagined. They flourished, it seems, much later than the reign of King Arthur, by Tweedside, in the haunted Border lands, when Flodden fight was fought. Somewhere between Tweed and Yarrow is the scene of Mr. Lang's story, a lonely land of "green hills rolling between river and river, with no men on them, nothing but sheep, and grouse, and plover," a land favoured by the men in green, brownies, "boggles," and other marvels. "No wonder," says Mr. Lang, "that Randal lived in a kind of dream," and like a dream is the story of his adventures, his mysterious disappearance on St. John's Eve, his seven years' sojourn in Fairyland, a beautiful dream which boys and girls would like to go on for ever but for the happy ending. And this ending is most admirably conceived. While Randal's disappearance is causing heavy sorrow to his mother and his pretty English playmate Jane, a famine falls on the land. At the height of this new trial he is miraculously restored to his old home by the faithful Jeanie, and discovers the Fairmilee gold, which turns out to be real "wealth o' the world buried lang syne," as his old nurse says, and not fairy gold whence the rainbow springs. The people are saved from starvation, and Randal and Jean are married and happy ever after. Some of us, by the way, who are not children, may be curious to know if there is any foundation for the story of the poor woman and her daughter who subsisted on snails during the famine, and were nearly burned as witches for their unreasonable plumpness. Mr. Lang's story is illustrated by chromolithographs after drawings by E. A. Lemann, some of which are extremely graceful, and all harmoniously coloured. *Angela*, by Alice Weber (Walter Smith & Innes), is a story of a little girl who is brought up in a very odd way of seclusion by a fantastic old gentleman who thinks he is a philosopher. Angela, however, vanquishes the untoward circumstances of her early training and blossoms into an attractive young woman. The sketch of her as a child is a good deal forced and unnatural. She is altogether what the horticultural adept calls a "sport." A good idea is capably worked out in *Christmas in Many Lands* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), written and illustrated by Florence and Edith Scannell. England, France, Germany, and Italy are the countries represented in these typical fireside stories, and a prettier quartet of well-contrasted pictures and pleasant stories could not be desired by young people. *Swiss Stories* (Blackie & Son) is a translation by Lucy Wheelock, from the German of Mme. Spyri, of simple stories of Swiss village life, in which much knowledge and sympathy is shown in depicting children and their ways. A vein of fancy that is decidedly original distinguishes Miss Frances Clare's collection of children's stories, *A Store of Stories* (Skeffington). They are prettily imagined and executed, with something of the delicacy and finish of the miniaturist. *More Nonsense*, by Edward Lear (Warne & Co.), issued in handsome form, large print, with the diverting cuts at the head of the rhymes, is a book that should be in need of no commendation at this date. It ought to be in every household, and in brisk circulation from nursery to drawing-room. This year *The Bairns' Annual*,

edited by Alice Corkran (Field & Tuer), betters all its predecessors, good as they were, by its welcome revival of old-fashioned story-books and rhymes, with their quaint illustrations from wood-blocks. Here are "Cinderella," "Hop o' my Thumb," "Little Red Riding Hood," "Tom Thumb," and that exquisite apologue, "The Froward Child Properly Corrected." Among the rhyming examples of this old-time literature we have the "Apple-Pie Alphabet," "The Rudiments of Grammar," and the amusing "Butterfly's Ball and Grasshopper's Feast," with the delightful cuts showing the insect party dining at the mushroom-table. For little ones a library in itself is the pretty collection of old stories entitled "The Old Corner" series (Griffith, Farran, & Co.), which comprise *Cock Robin*, *Old Mother Hubbard*, *Dame Dick Whittington*, all newly illustrated by E. Morant Cox, A. Chasemore, and others. From the same publishers we have the multiplication table up to twelve times twelve, illustrated with curious cuts, issued in three little books, with the title *Marmaduke Multiply's Method of Making Minor Mathematicians*. The scheme is better than the title. Above the legend "Eight times ten are eighty, I think she's pretty weighty," a fine Rowlandsonian lady is represented in a Sedan chair. *Friends and Playmates*, by "Mars" (Routledge)—a charming picture-book of children, and birds, and animals—ought to be quite as popular as the companion volume, *Our Darlings*, by the same artist. In the eighteenth volume of Mrs. Horace Dobell's collected poems—*Songs and Tales for Children* (Remington)—are some capital rhymes for the nursery, called "Songs for quite Little Ones." New nursery rhymes of the right sort are provided by A. Daryl in *A Merry-Go-Round* (Warne & Co.), with pretty coloured pictures of children's sports, by Constance Hulsewood.

None of the annual volumes of illustrated serials has more diversity of entertainment than *The Boy's Own Annual*, the year's issue of *The Boy's Own Paper*. Among the various tales of school life and foreign adventure in this excellent miscellany we have the capital story of Australian life, edited by Lady Broome, and published also in book-form under the title *Harry Trevorton; his Tramps and Troubles* (Routledge). The "only begotten" of this stirring book of adventure—every incident of which is truth—is Mr. W. H. Timperley, of Rottneest Island, West Australia. Lady Broome has shaped it for the press, and Mr. Alfred Pearse has illustrated it in a truly vigorous style. *The Girl's Own Annual* may be found quite as attractive to girls as its companion. It contains good fiction, bright essays and verses, useful papers on dress, cookery, music, painting, and is well illustrated throughout. *The Magazine of Art* (Cassell & Co.) contains some fine etchings by Le Rat, after "The Vedette" of Meissonier; by Mr. Dobie, after Mr. Waterhouse's "Mariamne" and Mr. Langley's "Betrayed," and is altogether one of the most attractive of the season's gift-books. The first volume of *Atalanta* (Hatchards) appears in a very pretty binding of green and gold, which enfolds some admirable illustrations, and a variety of literary contributions from writers of repute, ranging from poems by Miss Rossetti and essays by Miss Yonge, to fiction by Mrs. Molesworth and L. T. Meade, with hints on the writing of fiction by Walter Besant. We have also received the new volume of *The Quiver* (Cassell), and *Every Boy's Annual* (Routledge). *Little Wide-Awake*, edited by Mrs. Sale Barker (Routledge), contains, among other good matter, an amusing series of articles entitled "When I was a Little Boy," with illustrative cuts that are refreshingly quaint and laughable. *Twelve White Flowers*, by Frances Livings and A. Livings (Hamilton, Adams, & Co.), is a charming set of floral designs in black and white, reproduced in lithographs, with brief accompanying descriptions. Some of the flowers represented—e.g. the *Lagerflora alba*, the *Eucharis*, *Lily of the Valley*—are admirable, both for form, texture, and design; but the scheme of the artist should not have denied all colour to the "eye" of the Narcissus poetess. The late Frances R. Havergal's *Threefold Praise* (Nisbet & Co.) is a collection of sacred verse, illustrated by landscape designs in neutral tint and floral designs in colour which are effective as ornament, though far from being a joy to the botanist or the lover of nature. From Messrs. Routledge we have two handsome, well-printed, illustrated translations from the French, M. Daudet's *Robert Helmont*, rendered by Laura Ross, with the clever illustrations of Picard and Montégut, and George Sand's *François le Champi*, Englished as *François the Wolf* by the late M. Gustave Masson, with illustrations by Eugène Burnand.

Several new editions of notable books for boys are before us that demand something more than mere acknowledgment. Foremost among them is *The Little Savage*, by Captain Marryat (Routledge), with illustrations by Sir John Gilbert and A. W. Cooper. It is many years since this ingenious story first enchanted us, and it is enough to find that it survives the severest test of literature triumphantly. The first portion of the book fascinates now as it did of old. The latter portion, perhaps, appears less skillfully developed than we once conceived it to be, but there seems no loss of force or freshness in the story of the two lonely islanders, in the piquant conjunction of the ignorant, forlorn, much-abused Little Savage, and the murderous, rum-swilling, greater savage, Jackson. Very welcome also are Messrs. Griffith, Farran, & Co.'s reprints of the late William Dalton's capital stories, of which we have *The War Tiger*, *The White Elephant*, and *Lost in Ceylon*. There is nothing on the title-pages, by the way, to show that these are new editions of books that enjoyed

great popularity some five-and-twenty years ago. They will delight boys now as they delighted boys then. *The Scottish Soldiers of Fortune*, by the late James Grant (Routledge), is the book of the chronicles of the Dugald Dalgettys of history, and a very spirited record of the deeds of the fighting Scot it is. The hero of Mr. Henty's *Captain Bayley's Heir* (Blackie & Son) is a Westminster schoolboy, upon whom suspicion of theft falls through the craft of a designing cousin. He is expelled on the slenderest show of circumstantial evidence, and flies to America instead of facing the difficulty, as his irascible but sensible uncle the Captain says he should have done. This is all that can be said against Frank Norris. He shows plenty of pluck and enterprise, on the Mississippi, in the Californian gold-fields, and while conveying emigrants across the prairies and protecting them from Indians. The end is skillfully arrived at, though the discovery of the wealthy Captain's heir, who is a cripple in charge of some poor but kind-hearted folk in Westminster, is a trifle melodramatic. Mr. Frankfort Moore's *Under Hatches* (Blackie) has a most exciting opening, and, excepting a brief lull during the convalescence of the hero, the excitement is successfully prolonged to the end. Peril follows peril with breathless rapidity, until Ned Woodthorpe is rescued from a drifting lightship by a convict transport bound to Botany Bay. There is a mutiny of the crew and convicts, headed by a man who is afflicted with the "gold fever." This monomaniac is depicted with considerable power. How the Captain, the hero, the doctor, and an innocent convict regain the ship, and how the mutineers and the island they inhabit for a while are swallowed by "the wave that is raised by an earthquake," are things too rich in invention, too entertaining in recital, to be distilled in the chill limits of paraphrase. Another capital story by Mr. Moore is *Fire-Flies and Mosquitoes* (S. P. C. K.). Here also there is much clever characterization, as well as plenty of the bustle and swift scene-changing that boys like. Mr. J. A. Steuart's *Self-Exiled* (Blackie) is not a pleasant book to read. It is decidedly unsavoury. "A Chamber of Horrors," to quote the heading of one chapter, is not a wholesome subject for boys' reading, though we admit nothing could be more horrible, more revolting, more superfluously disgusting than Mr. Steuart's description of a mutiny at sea.

FRENCH LITERATURE.

ALTHOUGH we do not think that the reason to which we owe the Marquis de Vogüé's two interesting volumes on Villars (1) (or rather that the system of writing books of which it is an example) is altogether good, the volumes are very welcome in themselves. M. de Vogüé has been editing from authentic texts the famous Memoirs of the Marshal, the received editions of which would seem from his remarks here to be in much the same dubious condition as that of other French Memoirs before the days of the Société de l'Histoire de France. In the course of this task he appears to have spared no possible pains in the collecting and collating of documents—indeed, we rather blush to hear that he has quite recently bought at London auctions papers both of Ormond and of Marlborough, which surely ought to have been secured, when they were offered, by the British Museum. In the best days of literature all these matters would have been digested in notes and appendices to the more important work itself. But M. de Vogüé was probably not master of the scale of his edition for the Société, and he has therefore arranged the overplus in these volumes, which, though they have something of the unsatisfactory character which almost always attends a book that is a kind of luggage wagon to another book, are interesting enough. As one point among many which they illustrate, we may note a very useful passage on the *sauegardes*, or perquisites, of the generals of the period—a passage which shows that our poor Corporal John's antagonists were feathering their nests at least as comfortably as Corporal John himself was accused of doing. Villars, though there has been a tendency of late to exalt his strategy, as we think very unduly, at the expense of the great English commander, was undoubtedly a general of all but the first rank, if not of the first. It is true that his chief successes were achieved over people like Louis of Baden, while the affair at Denain would assuredly have gone the other way, even with Marlborough absent, had it not been that the desertion—the forced desertion—of Ormond deprived Eugene of his best troops. But the affair at the camp of Sierck was undoubtedly a famous piece of defensive generalship, and about the only instance in which Marlborough himself was, not defeated, but balked. We should like to have seen more about it here; for Villars's own account, though interesting in his own peculiar mixture of gasconading and frankness, wants supplementing. Of his hero's still more famous duel with the Englishman at Malplaquet, M. de Vogüé, on the other hand, gives here a consecutive account, which, often as the battle has been described, is worth reading. It is, perhaps, a little unfair to Boufflers, if not to the allied generals—for there is absolutely nothing to show that, if Villars had not been wounded, and had ordered a counter attack, the French troops, who could not sustain the shock of the allies behind their own entrenchments, would have fared better on the offensive. Nor does it by any means explain the puzzle why Villars, who was constantly

(1) Villars, d'après sa correspondance et des documents inédits. Par le Marquis de Vogüé. 2 tomes. Paris: Plon.

exclaiming against war with the spade, abandoned his first intention of taking the initiative, and spent in fortifying his position time which enabled Marlborough to summon from Tournay the troops that in effect turned the battle. But this account is a capital piece of military history, and there is much other good work in the book.

The somewhat heavy, though instructive, *Memoirs of Villèle* (2) have reached their third volume, dealing with the years 1822-1823, and busied chiefly with the Congress of Verona and the affairs of Spain. There are interesting things here—such as a long account of the interviews with the King and Villèle which Wellington had just before Verona, and some details of the Angoulême expedition to Spain. But no recent book confirms us more in the opinion that private correspondence ought to be calendered by abstract and selection, instead of letting loose an avalanche of documents in full, trivial and important alike, on the head of the hapless reader.

Among schoolbooks we have a rather extensive *Nouvelle méthode d'enseignement de la grammaire française*, by M. Gaston de Costa (Paris: Imprimeries Réunies). It consists of four volumes, two for the master and two for the pupil. The "master's" divisions do not correspond to the very objectionable "keys" which so long disgraced English education, and have not quite ceased to exist; but are made up of elaborate directions and hints to the teacher, as to the order and manner of conducting each lesson, with pieces for dictation, examples for the blackboard, and so forth. It is not easy to criticize such a thing without actual trial, which is, we believe, being given on the great scale in the Paris primary schools; but, though a little stereotyped, it looks effective. Of reading-books we have from Messrs. Hachette some extracts from M. Malot's *Sans Famille*, edited by Mr. F. Tarver; *L'attaque du moulin*, M. Zola's masterpiece, and the one bit of his work suitable for the purpose, by M. F. Julien; Dumas's *Un drame de la mer*, by Mr. Clapin, and Lamartine's *Battle of Trafalgar* by the same editor.

NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

THE story of missionary life and zeal told in the Rev. Arthur Lewis's memorial volume, *George Maxwell Gordon* (Seeley & Co.), does not differ materially from many records of missionary labours, save in the circumstances of its close. Sudden or violent death in a strange land has not seldom been the missionary's lot. It was the much rarer fate of George Maxwell Gordon to fall on the battle-field during a sortie from Kandahar, in August 1880, while ministering to the wounded under a hot fire from the troops of Ayub Khan. All accounts of this unhappy incident, which cut short a most useful and promising career, illustrate the singular fearlessness of Gordon. He had advanced some hundred yards from the Kabul Gate to a shrine where he expected to find some wounded men of whom he had heard, and finding none he ventured, in spite of warning, further into the open, and was struck down by a bullet which proved fatal. The impression was pretty general in England, we believe, that the presence of a missionary with the little garrison at Kandahar required some explanation. This, of course, is clearly set forth in Mr. Lewis's book. It was not as a missionary, but as honorary chaplain to the expedition, that Gordon was acting in Kandahar, and he had applied for the post, believing it would provide fresh opportunities of studying a country he had intended to visit as a missionary. His untiring energy is strikingly exhibited in Mr. Lewis's record of his work in Cochin and Travancore, in the Lahore diocese and the northern parts of the Punjab, in the Derajat and the frontiers of Beluchistan. His letters and journals, of which copious extracts are given, cannot but interest all who care for bright descriptive sketches of Indian life and an ingenuousness of style that exemplifies the single-hearted devotion of the writer. Mr. Lewis's memoir is thoroughly readable, is well illustrated, and has a good sectional map.

From World to Cloister (Kegan Paul, Trench, & Co.) is a very circumstantial account of a novice's experience of monastic life, after the rule of one of the strictest of old-established orders. To deal with this curious book in detail requires a similar experience in the critic. The good faith and laudable intention of the writer are, however, obvious enough. He is a scholar and a man of humour. His minutely explicit description of the ceremonies, discipline, "mortifications," and austere routine of life in the monastery shows an artist's appreciation of the picturesque, notwithstanding the sobriety and breadth of his presentment of the postulant's life. There is nothing of enticement in the picture, in spite of the writer's unquestionable sincerity of conviction and depth of fervour. To the uninitiated the best witness to the truth and actuality of the book is the final chapter on the religious vocation, with its solemn warning addressed to those who may, without due self-examination, be induced to follow his example.

Mr. Douglas Sladen has made more than one attempt to collect an anthology of Australasian song previous to the last venture—*Australian Poets* (Griffith, Farran, & Co.)—and now the sanguine reviewer may hail the deed accomplished. The new book is decidedly comprehensive. It covers a century of production, and

includes the work of genuine Australian poets, like Charles Harpur, and the poetry of those who are qualified by "residence," as if they were county cricketers. By this very slender qualification Mr. Sladen is able to claim reputable poets such as the author of *Orion*. On the same principle Henry Kingsley and Anthony Trollope might be enlisted in the scanty band of Antipodean novelists. Dismissing this debatable point, it is well that many of the poets of Mr. Sladen's interesting collection should benefit by publication in England. The judicious reader may readily discriminate between what is really Australian in sentiment and style and what is merely imitative of latter-day English poetry. For the rest, including any that may be bewildered by the wealth of Mr. Sladen's anthology, the lively and suggestive introduction to the subject by Mr. A. Patchett Martin supplies all that is needful.

Practicable Socialism (Longmans & Co.) is a little book of short papers on the condition of the poor in East London, written by the Rev. and Mrs. Samuel A. Barnett. They treat of the failure of Mansion House relief funds, of the "poverty of the poor," and of various schemes to alleviate the monotony and dulness of East-End existence. Mrs. Barnett's paper, for instance, on "Pictures for the Poor" is interesting as showing how successful one, at least, of Mr. Barnett's schemes has proved to be. Taken collectively, however, we cannot say that these essays demonstrate what Mr. Barnett's "Practicable Socialism" amounts to, or whether it is practicable at all without an enormous extension of the dangerous principle of State interference.

Professor J. A. Dahl's translations of Scandinavian *National Songs, Ballads, and Sketches* (Bergen: Paulsen) comprise representative examples, mostly in verse and some now Englished for the first time, of Swedish and Norwegian writers of eminence. The most successful of these renderings are Runeberg's "Sven Dufva," Wergeland's "Greeting to England," and an extract from Tegnér's "Axel," though even in these the naïveté of Mr. Dahl's English is at times a disturbing element. In other examples the choice of blank verse is scarcely happy, while the jocund measure to which Ibsen's "Terje Vigen" is set is curiously antipathetic to the sentiment of that tragical ballad.

In *The Record of a Human Soul* (Longmans & Co.) Mr. Horace G. Hutchinson details with dreadful prolixity the very commonplace doubts and difficulties of an unorthodox young man, who is finally restored to the faith of his childhood by a certain "emotional influence," which is too vaguely presented to the reader to admit of analysis.

The Rev. John Kelly's *Louisa of Prussia, and other Sketches* (Religious Tract Society) comprises biographical essays on Queen Louisa of Prussia, the Princess William of Prussia, Princess Charles of Hesse, and the reigning Queen of Roumania, "Carmen Sylva, Poetess and Queen." This is a capital book for young people, written in an agreeable style, and well illustrated with portraits and other woodcuts.

A useful and concise handbook to the Local Government Act, 1888, is *The County Councillor's Guide* (Maxwell & Son), edited by Messrs. Henry Hobhouse, M.P., and E. L. Fanshawe. The editorial commentary and annotation of the Local Government Act are both ample and lucid. The various legislative measures connected with that Act are considered in an appendix, while a brief introduction the important nature of the reforms enacted is succinctly displayed.

In pretty binding of dark green, with small but clear type, we have a reprint of *Jane Eyre* (Smith, Elder, & Co.), the first volume of a new Pocket Edition of the Life and Works of the Brontë Sisters, to be completed in seven volumes, each illustrated with frontispiece.

From Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons we have received a beautiful bijou reprint of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, named, after the heroine of Sleepy Hollow, the "Katrina" edition. From the same firm we have a delightful re-issue of the *Essays of Elia*, in two volumes, forming the latest addition to the charming series of "Knickerbocker Nuggets," an uncouth name for the prettiest pocket volumes imaginable.

The White Man's Foot (Hatchards), reprinted from *Atalanta*, is a thrilling story of old superstition and modern science meeting face to face on Mauna Loa, the great Hawaiian volcano. Mr. Grant Allen has never done better in the way of story-telling than in this persuasively-told and dramatic narrative.

We have also received the two concluding volumes of the "Cabinet edition" of Mr. A. W. Kinglake's *The Invasion of the Crimea* (Blackwood); Vol. I. of a "Cabinet edition" of Sir J. W. Kaye's *History of the Indian Mutiny*, edited by Colonel Malletson (Allen & Co.); a second edition of *De Omnibus Rebus*, by the author of *Flemish Interiors*, illustrated by Caulfield Orpen (Nimmo); Mr. Sidney Colvin's *Landor*, "English Men of Letters" series (Macmillan); and the sixth edition of Mrs. Ewing's *Melchior's Dream, and other Tales*, illustrated by Gordon Browne (Bell & Sons).

NOTICE.

We beg leave to state that we cannot return rejected Communications; and to this rule we can make no exception, even if stamps for return of MS. are sent. The Editor must also entirely decline to enter into correspondence with the writers of MSS. sent in and not acknowledged.

(a) *Mémoires et correspondance du Comte de Villèle*. Paris: Perrin.